The North American Miscellany.

No. 15.] SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1851. [Vol. II.

From "The Art Journal."

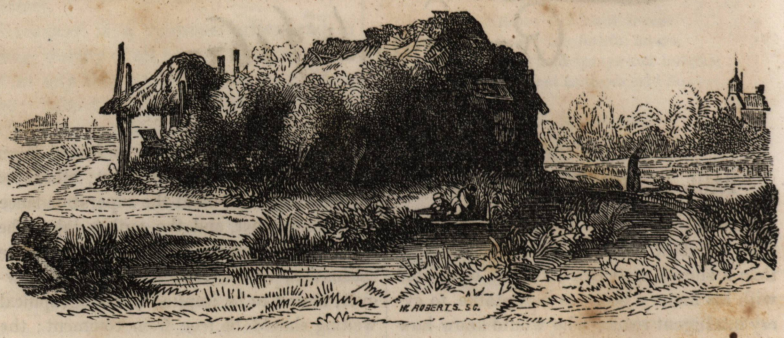
PAUL REMBRANDT VAN RYN.

There is that in the biography of a great man, which, if the narration goes no further than a simple statement of facts connected with his history, becomes acceptable to every intelligent reader who would know how he who is honored among men lived and moved in the world around him. To render such history really useful and valuable, it should show less of the skill of the writer in giving his materials the most attractive form, than of his intention to invest them with truthfulness and simplicity; otherwise the subject is lost amid the superabundance of literary labor, and the author takes the place of his hero in the mind, if not in the estimation, of the reader. It is not, however, meant to be implied that biographical writing should be free from comment; the task of the biographer is to make his subject a guide or a warning to others; he is an instructor, and should therefore be allowed free scope for the indulgence of such observations as may be deduced from the

lives and actions he records: having studied to make himself acquainted with the philosophy of the human mind, as manifested in its development and working, he is permitted, indeed is required, to give to others the benefit of his knowledge that they also may be taught wisdom.

There are few men of note whose history has not been written over and over again; if they moved as stars of the first magnitude among their fellow-men, an entire volume, or even more, has not been considered too much for a record of their lives; if of secondary importance, whatever is related of them forms only a portion of large and costly publications, so that, in either case, such biographies are placed beyond the reach of the great mass of the public. This is more especially the case with painters and other disciples of art; it is therefore thought that a series of brief sketches of some of the great masters of by-gone times, accompanied by illustrations of their works, will find favor with a large class of our readers. In carrying out this plan we shall not affect to offer any thing new to those who have already studied the lives and works of such as may come under notice; we shall rather address ourselves to those who have had no opportunity of so doing, and consequently endeavor to make our sketches acceptable to them in particular. The history of some painters offers little for the biographer to narrate, beyond a chronological statement of their birth, parentage, preceptors, and a list of their works; the tale is soon told. It is not so, however, with all; kings and princes have shared with some the companionship of the studio; they have held constant communion with the great and the powerful, and have played their parts boldly and openly in the battle of life. But it is not such who exclusively afford the most interesting or profitable subject-matter to the writer; there is much to be gleaned from the history of many whose world lay within their own painting-rooms, who knew little beyond, and cared for less; who felt that, while other men were working their way to fame and fortune amid the tumult and bustle of political life, they were earning an immortality as proud and as imperishable in the quiet, hallowed pursuit of their own avocations. There is a glory that awaits the scholar, the indefatigable laborer in the fields of literature, and the patient yet enthusiastic artist, which the most mighty conqueror never has, and never will, achieve: it is won, perhaps, in solitude and obscurity—amid trial and distress: but it is a glory that brings no affliction upon others, and that leaves no sorrow behind it.

Premising that we are indebted for the illustrations which accompany this series, and for many of the historical facts, to a voluminous and costly French publication of recent date, our list cannot be commenced with a better name than that of Paul Rembrandt, whose works are so highly appreciated in this country. This great master of the Dutch school was the son of a miller, named



THE MILL.

Herman Gerretsz, and surnamed Van Ryn, that is, *of the Rhine*, because his mill was situated upon a branch of that river, as seen in the engraving above, near Leyden, between the villages of Leyderdorp and Koukerck. He was born on the 15th of June, 1606, and

was christened in the name which has since become so famous, that of Rembrandt. His father, a man of easy circumstances, determined to give him a classical education to qualify him for one of the learned professions, and accordingly sent the lad to the University of Leyden, then in high repute; but by some means or other, which can only be accounted for by an inborn genius that will always develop itself under any circumstances, a love for painting had taken fast hold of his mind, and to practise this was a far higher charm than the study of the dead languages and legal authorities. According to Sandrart, his contemporary, who wrote a "History of Painters," young Rembrandt passed much time with Van Zwanenberg, an engraver of Leyden, from whom he received his first lessons in that art for which he subsequently became so distinguished. Bryan, in his "Dictionary of Painters," says, "Rembrandt's father placed him as a disciple with Jacob van Zwaanenberg, at Amsterdam, under whom he studied three years, and his progress in that time was the astonishment of his master." But we are inclined to follow the former authority, as it is more than probable that the youth would have remained in Leyden, rather than be removed farther from home; moreover, Bryan's list contains no account of the painter of Amsterdam, while he makes mention of the engraver of Leyden. Houbracken differs from both these writers, for he says Rembrandt's first master was Peter Lastman, with whom he studied six months at Amsterdam, and then quitted him to enter the study of Jan Pinas. This seems to be the most correct statement, for we may see in the works of Pinas and of Lastman the germs of that manner which has given immortality to their pupil. But, inasmuch as seven cities of Greece contended for the birthplace of Homer, so, numerous writers have striven to place the illustrious painter with some favorite master, as if the genius of the scholar were reflected back upon that of the instructor. It is thus that Leewen assigns to him another master still, G. Schooten, of Leyden. These matters are, however, of little importance, for he was a follower of no one predecessor, nor did he form a style from a combination of what had been done before; he had his own peculiar views of art; he saw the world around him, animate and inanimate, with his own eyes, and stamped his works with an originality that cannot be mistaken for any thing but the result of a free and unbiased mind.

From "Eliza Cook's Journal."

A CHILD'S MEMORY OF THE SEA.

"I stand again beside thee as I stood,
In panting youth, watching thy billows break,
Fix'd by the strong spell of thy headlong flood,
Even as the bird is charm-bound by the snake."

ELIZA COOK.

It rises up before me like a dream! The fisherman's cottage, out of which we peeped in the early morning, stood about twenty yards from the shelly strand, upon a flat ledge of rock, which barely afforded space for it and a half a dozen more little huts, while almost close behind them sprung up a tall brown cliff, which extended all round the little bay. Down the face of this cliff, in an oblique direction, ran a steep, narrow road, which by dint of hard labor had been made practicable as a cart road; but, few indeed were the vehicles of any kind that ever ventured down into that sequestered little haven. A narrow patch of grass lay between the row of cottages and the sand, which in spring looked green and fresh, and there in a morning the fishermen spread out their nets, and sat mending them at their leisure. The boats lay hauled up on the beach beyond, and about them we scampered and played with the wild fisher children.

At high water, the waves came far into the bay, and at spring-tides they almost laved the grass patch before our cottage. A ledge of rocks which inclosed the little haven securely protected the bay from the heavy seas which rolled in from the east, though sometimes, in high winds, the waves broke over these with tremendous roar, and then the waters of the bay were covered with foam, and the spray hovered like a thick mist all round the bottom of the cliffs. There was one great projecting rock at the eastern point, where the waves, by constant beating, had worked their way and hollowed out a long, deep arch, through which wave after wave would dash with tremendous force and terrific roar, spending their last

effort on the great black rock which lay within the hollow of the bay, and which dashed the waters back again to meet the next coming wave. In the dark nights, the noise of the sea bursting through this narrow inlet had a solemn and awful grandeur, and often I lay awake in fear, haunted by the dread of its power, and lest the sea furies, who seemed to be struggling to gain an entrance there, should burst the rocks and carry devastation before them. But the morning would come, and there through the arch lay the far-off sea smiling under the sun, and the fishing boats, heavily laden, came sporting in through the narrow entrance of the bay; the women and children all afoot to beckon to the hardy fishermen a cheerful welcome home. The last night's storm had subsided into a gentle breeze, and there was only the long measured swell of the ocean rolling along, its surface broken by little tiny waves sparkling in the sunshine. Far through the arch, lying a great way off along the coast to the east, there stood out into the sea a tall white promontory, one of the boldest headlands along that bold and precipitous coast. Once or twice I saw the sun rise out of the sea behind it; a faint streak of purple along the distant ocean-line heralded his coming, then a glimmer of golden light glanced along the waters, and then the edge of the glorious orb heaved slowly up as from the deep, the distant bluff crowned by its taper light-house, standing black against the now glowing sky beyond.

Right over against the mouth of our bay, and about a mile from shore, stood a great, rugged, conical-crowned rock, precipitous on its eastern side, which was bleached by endless beatings of the surf, and sloping gradually towards the west, where an old wall and a few ruins marked the traces of some ancient castle and its surrounding fortifications. The place had been used as a prison in the bygone days of religious persecutions, and it was now the frequent resort, in summer time, of gay pleasure-parties, some of whom set out from our bay, and others from the nearest little seaport town. The precipitous side of the rock was the haunt of innumerable gulls, guillemots, wild ducks, and solan geese, whose wild screamings grew perfectly deafening when a sportsman discharged his fowling-piece in their midst. They almost darkened the air with their numbers, and seemed frantic as well as furious in their rage at the invaders of their fastnesses. From our little bay we could observe the proceedings of these pleasure seekers for hours together, watch the boat as it disappeared behind the rock, listened to the crack of the guns and saw the wheeling clouds of birds rising up over the summit of the crag, then hail the boat as it rowed round the steep face of the island into full sight again; and sometimes, on the party landing in our bay, they would leave behind them a lamed gull, which was esteemed by us as an almost unspeakable prize.

I remember well, one brilliant morning, a gay party setting off in high spirits to visit the rock. I have since thought it must have been a bridal party. There were two beautiful girls among them, whom I took to be sisters, from their striking resemblance to each other. They seemed the happiest and merriest of the lot, and had a joke and a smile for every body; the party had baskets full of provisions and drinkables, and the kettle and store of dried sticks which they put into the boat, showed that they intended to have a long day's pleasure on the rock. A blind fiddler, whom they had brought with them from the neighboring town, was also there; gray hairs hung round his face, and though he saw not, but gazed into the sky as if feeling for light, he seemed to be not less happy than the gayest of the party. The two girls I spoke of proposed a dance on the tuft of green sward, before putting to sea—"it looked so inviting." But their proposal was overruled, and they embarked. They laughed, and joked, and sung songs as they cleared the little strait between the rocks, and I sat listening to their fine voices, mingling with which I could detect the clear tones of the blind man's violin, until only the shadow of a sound reached me, and then it was mingled with the quiet murmur of the tide among the rocks. I watched the boat as it neared the landing-place, when suddenly I saw a commotion among the party; there was a rush to one side, the boat had nearly capsized, and I saw that several persons had fallen over the side, and were struggling in the water. But they were close to the rock, and the greater part jumped on shore. I then saw some of them running along the ledge of rock as if looking

for some one still in the water; hands were raised as if in piteous agony; minutes elapsed and still the frantic emotion continued. At last I saw some one stretching out a boat-hook into the waves, and slowly drag up some heavy object into the boat. After a few minutes the party re-embarked, and rowed back into our little bay. There were no more songs, nor laughter; their faces, when I could recognize them, were bathed in tears, and the face of one I saw not at all. As the boat grounded, I perceived that a female form lay motionless on the rowers' seat; it was that of one of the beautiful sisters, whom I had seen but an hour ago so full of laughing glee. She was borne heavily into our cottage by a fisherman, but it was too late to restore her. It was all over with the lovely girl, and a deep grief now settled down upon that formerly so merry party.

Many ships daily sailed past the entrance to our bay, and we learned to know them by their rig and their build. There was the tidy little king's cutter, spanking along with her streaming pennant floating in the breeze. Then there was the swift smack, with her great after-sail, bowling along through the waves, which she dashed from her bows in foam. There was the brig and the schooner with their peculiar rig, their cross-sails, and their canvas-laden masts, and sometimes, though this was more rare, the large ship of war floating along majestically, scarce seeming to care for the heavy waves that beat against her sides. A great commotion one day possessed our little bay. All the boats were put off, filled with strangers, who went forth to see the royal squadron pass. And sure enough, there, rounding the great bluff to the east, stood three gallant vessels under full canvas, studding-sails alow and aloft, all their kites flying, and the royal flag of England fluttering in the breeze. These were the royal yacht with its attendant frigates, and soon other heavy ships of war, showing their gigantic ribs of cannon, one by one, rounded the headland. There was a sudden flash from the summit of the rock over against our bay, and a loud "boom" rolled across the waters. "Hurrah! there goes old Jack at last!" cried some one at my side. The smoke rose circling in the air, and then volley succeeded volley, answered from the shore, until they seemed to echo along the coast and die away in the distance. The squadron passed speedily before our gaze, amid cheers from the boats, and the firing of cannons and musketry, and then the boats came ashore, and our little bay was left to its quiet once more.

The melancholy accident which led to my departure from the fisherman's cottage before my two months had expired will ever remain impressed upon my memory. A storm had suddenly set in, while the fishermen's boats were yet at sea, and the waves were dashing over the crest of rocks, and bounding with fearful noise through the cavernous passage already described, making the hearts of the mothers along our narrow strand quake with fear. Their eyes were turned towards the east, and a little boat which had now come within sight, seemingly no bigger than a cork, seemed to be in imminent danger; it was tossed about, now in the trough of a wave, now dancing on its crest. The old weather-beaten fisherman, whose only son was in the boat, with two other seamen, stood watching its approach with anxious gaze. His bare head, covered with straggling gray hairs, was exposed to the blast, but he had no thought save for his son and his boat. Gradually it drives on, and now it nears the narrow channel, and "will she make it?" is the agonizing cry. The men strain at the oars, but the sea has lashed itself into fury, and the little boat seems powerless in its midst. While they seem almost to have entered the channel, and the standers-by prepare to set up a shout of joy, suddenly a tremendous wave seizes the boat and dashes it furiously upon the rocks. There is a sudden shriek. The boat is lost! the three men are seen struggling in the water for life; two strike out, and make for the shore, which they reach. But the third has disappeared. It is the old man's only son! He cannot swim, and the father knows it. He runs wildly along the rocks, and would plunge into the foaming waves, but he is held back by force. What can he do but wring his hands and weep? He wanders eagerly along the strand, and he picks up here and there a fragment of his shivered boat but his lost son! At last, he is seen dragging forth from an eddying pool some dark object, and he hurriedly grasps it in his arms and bears it with him into the hut. Alas! life has quite fled: the fisherman's only son is no more.

With the dark memory of that agonizing sight still strong within me, I left that little bay, the groans of the grief-stricken fisherman, and the angry roar of the life-destroying waves still ringing in my ears.

From Chambers' "Papers for the People."

SEPULTURE AMONG THE GREEKS.

The rites of sepulture were piously attended to by the Greeks. An honorable interment was considered a happy lot to the departed; and an unburied mortal was believed to be wandering through Hades in a state of mournful disquietude. After a battle, a truce was granted by the victors, that both sides might collect and bury their dead; and on the occasion of the naval battle of Arginusæ, fought shortly before the close of the Peloponnesian war, the Athenian generals, having neglected the duty of collecting the dead for interment, and the still more imperative duty of visiting the wrecks to save such of the living as clung to them, were received with a storm of popular indignation that ended in their being publicly condemned and executed.

In ancient and more barbarous times, the funerals of distinguished persons were accompanied with prodigious pomp and display: on the funeral pyre, which was an immense pile of wood, were burnt along with the dead body an immense number of cattle, and even human beings; such at least is the picture given by Homer. Games and athletic contests followed. But in the historic age the funeral rites were kept within sober limits. The first thing done after death was to insert in the mouth of the defunct the small coin called an *obolus*, to pay the ferryman of Hades. The corpse was washed, perfumed, crowned with a garland of flowers, and dressed in white; it was laid out on a bedstead for the usual length of time, not more than a day or two. A vessel of water was placed before the house-door, to purify persons leaving the house. Lamentation, or a wake for the dead, was practised by the women, although all the wiser portion of the community thought it a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. On the day of the funeral, the body was carried out early in the morning on the couch, accompanied by the train of mourners, relatives, and friends, including women above sixty; a chorus of hired flute-players performing on the way. The burial-grounds were usually without the town, but not always concentrated in a common cemetery. The rich might buy a spot of ground anywhere for a family tomb; for the poor a public place of interment was provided.

The two practices of burning and burying seem to have coexisted at all times; in what proportions, or under what particular circumstances one was preferred to the other, is not distinctly ascertained. In both cases graves, vaults, or built tombs were required, and columns and various forms of tombstone were in use. The inscriptions contained the name of the deceased, with the occasional addition of an appropriate moral in prose or verse. Vases and various articles were placed in the grave with the deceased.

After the burial, a funeral entertainment was given at the house of the nearest surviving relation. There were also various sacrifices to be offered, chiefly one on the ninth day, which concluded the ceremonies for the dead. A black mourning cloak, or himation, was worn for some time, the inner robe, or chiton, being the same as usual; and the custom prevailed of cutting the hair short. It became a perpetual obligation on all persons to visit and tend the graves of their forefathers: on stated days, such as the anniversary of their death, sacrifice was performed at the tombs; and flowers and garlands were regularly brought to decorate them. At other times the survivors were expected to visit the graves of their departed relatives; and the approach of friends was considered agreeable to their spirits, while they received pain by the proximity of enemies. In short, acts of respectful attention and religious observance towards deceased relatives and progenitors were reckoned among the indispensable duties of life, and were one of the motives for keeping up an unbroken line of descendants.

The art of being able to make a good use of moderate abilities wins esteem, and often confers more reputation than real merit.

From "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN LONDON.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

The spread of musical taste in the British islands is a great fact which seems to be only dawning on the higher organs of periodical literature. One cause of this may be the state of insulation in which composers stand with respect to the professors of other arts and sciences; attaining, as they frequently do, to the very summit of musical power, in comparative ignorance of the sister branches of knowledge. The two artists, for instance, who in vigor and prodigality of invention have surpassed all others in our century, were Scott and Rossini; but they stood in as little relation to each other as the Shakspeare and Rubens of the age of James and Mary de Medicis. The ignorance of composers, however, may be matched by that of the literati; one distinguished member of which body compares music to rope-dancing, while almost all assign it a place among the imitative arts. There can be no greater mistake than this. Music is a feeling, of which sound is only the exponent; and it belongs less to the external than the mysterious and invisible world.

The time is not distant, however, when music will be better understood. Already it is fully taken up by an aristocracy which, from various causes, maintains an influence upon tastes and manners unknown in the same body on the continent. Neither submerged by the people, as in France, nor converted into household and military officers, as in the rest of Europe, the nobility and higher gentry of England are able to make any thing popular they choose to adopt heartily. Their reigning passion—more especially that of the female aristocracy—is at present music; and if we look back a hundred years to the unintellectual frivolity of the court of George II., and the reign of Beau Nash and the Bath waters, it will be admitted that society has lost nothing by the change. Already music is making its way downwards through every chink and cranny of society; and even in the lower-middle and humbler classes there is a perceptible gravitation to the greatest works of the greatest masters. The great central Propaganda or fountain-head, however, is the two Italian Operas in London; and having upon a former occasion devoted an article to the physiology of the Opera in Italy, it may not be uninteresting to say something now of the Queen's Theatre and its rival Covent Garden; in the latter of which the Italian lyric drama has fixed itself on the boards trodden so recently by a Kemble and a Siddons—a revolution in public taste for which mere fashion could never account, and the reasons for which we attempted to develop in the article alluded to.

The Queen's Theatre is situated at the junction of the Haymarket with Pall-Mall, and, considering the number of architectural abortions in London, is a respectable edifice; but seen from Cockspur street, its effect is marred by the cistern which stands on the roof like a large trunk, or portmanteau on the corner of a table. Internally, it is of a horse-shoe shape, and is considered well proportioned. It is of nearly the same size as the Scala of Milan and Covent Garden, which, however, fall considerably short of the magnitude of San Carlo in Naples. The Queen's Theatre is acoustically well constructed, and has the peculiar property of lighting up beautifully for the ballet, in which the appeal is principally to the eye; but there is no spectacle produced on the stage equal to the view from the centre of the curtain, when the eye is directed to the audience on a gala night—that of a crowded drawing-room, for instance, when the six tiers of boxes, hung with silk, are full of the beauty of a London season, the female aristocracy wearing the feathers of the morning.

Between the orchestra and the pit are the stalls or reserved seats, all numbered, and let by the season as well as by the night. Some years ago the price of such seats was fifteen shillings a night; while by subscription, it was thirty guineas for sixty nights, each representation coming thus to only about half a guinea, a saving of nearly a third to the Opera frequenter. There are now *two* Italian Operas, and the price is raised to a guinea, which will enable the reader to form an idea of the progression in the taste for Italian music during the last dozen years. As regards the classes who frequent the stalls, these are mostly tenanted by the easy bachelors of the aristocracy, and the opulent section of the middle classes; the counting-houses of the City furnishing larger contingents to the stalls than either

church, law, or medicine—good incomes being rarely achieved in these until the period of marriage and middle age. When a lawyer does go to the Opera, it is usually on a Saturday night, when the pressure of the business of the week is over. Between the stalls and boxes is the pit, which differs from that of an English theatre in the higher price—varying, according to pressure of demand, from seven shillings to half a guinea—and in the prevalence of evening costume, as well as in the access to the box corridors: for those who receive tickets from subscribers to boxes usually go first into the pit, paying a visit to the family box between acts. In the days of George IV. dandyism, indignant letters from wearers of drab trowsers used to appear in the newspapers on their being refused admittance, as incorrect in evening costume; and even the owner of a white hat has been known to expostulate his way into the pit; but such differences have now died away.

The boxes are not open at the sides, as in other English theatres, but, as in Italy, are partitioned, so as to secure perfect privacy of conversation; and the box of a lady of fashion is the epitome of her drawing-room, where she receives a few select visits. The subscription nights are Tuesday and Saturday; and the box on the intervening Thursday night is the property of the manager, on which occasion the entertainments are usually abundant in quantity, to suit families who can afford the entertainment only occasionally. On such evenings, however, the performances are generally too long, and of a too miscellaneous and detached a character to please the habitual frequenter, who talks rather contemptuously of a "long Thursday." The prices of boxes vary considerably, according to demand—from five to twelve guineas—during May, June, and July; but they are to be had on much lower terms previous to Easter, for the company of artists is not usually completed until the close of the Italian Opera in Paris. This regularity has been much broken in upon since the Revolution of 1848; but there can be no doubt that the Paris season will be henceforth made to suit that of London, as Mr. Lumley, the proprietor of the Queen's Theatre, has become the lessee of the Italian Opera in Paris. Towards the close of the London season boxes again fall in price, although the company is in full strength; because at the latter end of July, and during all August town is gradually thinning; so that just before the commencement of partridge-shooting, on the 1st of September, and about the period of the prorogation of parliament, a few representations are given at playhouse prices, and the London fashionable season is supposed to terminate. Thus the Italian Operas regulate themselves by the parliamentary session; the 12th of August—when grouse-shooting commences—hastening the "massacre of the innocents," as the hasty legislation of this part of the year is called, and the approach of the 1st of September putting them out of pain, as there would be no chance of carrying on the business of the session after that epoch.

A large proportion of the boxes are not let to families, but to booksellers, who relet them to third parties. This connection of the proprietors of circulating libraries with the Opera arose from subscribers handing over their box to their bookseller to be let on nights when they were themselves otherwise engaged; and this was some years ago a lucrative branch of business in the hands of Messrs. Sams, Mitchell, Ebers, and Andrews; although it has latterly been much divided, all the principal music-sellers, and even wine-merchants and other tradesmen in the large thoroughfares in the vicinity of the theatre, speculating largely on the rise and fall of Opera admissions, and being, as it were, musical brokers. For this reason there is no fixity in the price of boxes and stalls, exorbitant prices being demanded on extraordinary occasions—such as the production of an opera which has had great success in Paris or on the continent; or on any unusual combination of talent—when, for instance, a Pasta and a Malibran appear together in the same opera, as they did in "Semiramide," when the former played her great part of the Assyrian queen, and Malibran filled the fine contralto part of Arsace. The visit of a foreign sovereign usually creates a bumper. The writer of this article was invited to accompany a family to the Queen's Theatre on the night of the Emperor of Russia's visit; and the box engaged for the occasion, although a small one on the fourth tier, cost twelve guineas.

It only remains to notice the gallery, one half of which is devoted to stalls at five

shillings, and the other half, without stalls, is open to the public at two shillings and sixpence, the lowest sum of admission; and here may be seen the mustached foreigner, who enjoys and understands what he sees and hears; or the country bumpkin, who must not return home without being able to say that he has been to the Opera. Probably the heat sets him to sleep; but at all events he rarely sits out the second act, saying to his friend, after the conclusion of this renowned and unintelligible entertainment, "Ah, you never catches me in such a slow coach as that again!" Those who are in the pit get access *ad libitum* to the gallery, and the back of the upper seat is the best place in the house for hearing an overture or favorite air, although the features of the singers are undistinguishable.

The expenditure of the British public on the two Italian Operas is consequently very large, but the expenses of the establishment are so great, that no lessee of the Queen's Theatre can be pointed out who has made a fortune. This Temple of the Muses is almost as well known to the public by the huge bankruptcies of Chambers, Waters, Ebers, Monk Mason, and by Laporte, as by the successes of Pasta, Malibran, and Lind; for when the expenses range from £700 to £1000 every time the curtain rises, it may be easily understood that a few months of scanty receipts involve an adventurer of small means in irretrievable debts and embarrassments, and if the defalcation continue for several seasons consecutively, it must ingulf a colossal capital. Mr. Lumley, the present proprietor, forms an exception to the list I have given; for he had the good fortune to get possession of the Queen's Theatre after these successive bankruptcies, at the expense of which the modern inordinate appetite for Italian Opera has been created; and by the sale of boxes in perpetuity, he realized about £90,000 of his capital. He has consequently been punctual in his payments, although the establishment of an Italian Opera in Covent Garden, supported by several of the very first singers, unquestionably damaged the value of his property, and involved him in a struggle which had never been anticipated at the period when he held the monopoly of Italian operatic entertainment. Last season it seemed very doubtful, if, notwithstanding the enormous receipts, London could support the expense of two Italian Operas; but the lesseeship of the Paris Opera is a great point gained for Mr. Lumley. On the other hand, the great prospective receipts of the coming year of Exhibition will assuredly prolong the career of Covent Garden for at least another season.

As regards the detail of the expenses, the principal items are the high salaries of individual singers. A highest-class female singer gets about £3000 sterling for a season, and a first-class male singer about £2000. The former, with concerts and her Paris engagement, may consequently realize a sum of between £6000 and £7000; but if she creates a sensation, (which, however, seldom lasts above a season or two,) much more. A *prima donna* of this description keeps her carriage, lives in handsome apartments, has usually all her family living on her, often including idle, sauntering brothers; but she spends her time on any thing but a bed of roses, from the constant apprehension of new candidates for public favor. Nothing can be more unreasonable than the outcry against the high prices given to such singers, their remuneration being in proportion to the sums which they draw to the theatre. During a considerable period of the freshness of their voice, their want of musical and dramatic experience prevents their occupation of the foremost rank; and, on the other hand, when in the plenitude of dramatic power, voice and beauty are often on the wane: so that the few years of heyday must pay for a laborious education, and provide for old age. Such is the explanation given by singers when discussing this popular fallacy, which puts one in mind of the Swiss innkeepers in the high Alps, who, when taxed with having charged exorbitant prices, answer that whatever may be the case in England, the year of the Alpine innkeeper consists of only two months.

"No gains without pains" is a law from which no one is exempt; neither the artist of genius, creating the sketch out of the rude embryo, and the picture out of the sketch, nor the statesman, constructing his scheme of national policy from grains of heterogeneous fact. From this law nobody is less free than the operatic singer. When he has completed his elementary musical knowledge, passed the conservatory with éclat,

and gained success on the stage, he has to go through the rehearsals, which, of all tiresome operations, are the most tiresome: and little do those who see an opera after rehearsal know what this ordeal is. The theatre, partially lighted by open shutters, and aided by an unsightly gas-pipe run up in front of the stage, producing neither the gladness of day nor the artificial brilliancy of night; the orchestra and all the performers in hats, bonnets, and great-coats; and the business, like a crab, or the pig of the Irishman, going forwards by dint of going backwards, the musical director stopping every now and then to recommence from a previous point; in short, whoever has had the patience and the curiosity to sit out one opera rehearsal would never repeat the process. It may be said that the bread of the singer is earned by the sweat of the brow; and this was last season no metaphor in the case of Lablache, a man of twenty stone weight, wearing in the dog-days, in the opera of the "Tempest," a dress of hairy skins, with even his arms and hands covered with mittens, imitating the tawny hide and claw-nails of the brutish humanity of Caliban.

The best dancers are highly prized, and receive salaries not much inferior to that of the best singers. Taglioni, in the height of her reputation, used to receive from 2000 to 3000 francs per night, or from £80 to £120 sterling. Male dancers are paid less. Perrot used to receive £60 per night during the period of his vigor. But dancers are liable to greater vicissitudes than singers; by a false step they may be lamed for weeks or months; and even the strain of a tendon may reduce a man to a secondary or tertiary position as a dancer—fortunate, as was the case with Perrot, if he has the general capacity, to become ballet-master. The Queen's Theatre has still the monopoly of the ballet, dancing in Covent Garden being confined to the so-called *divertissements*, which are introduced either in the regular course of the business of an opera—such as coronations, marriages, and village festivals—or to relieve the tedium between acts. In grand operas, such as those of Meyerbeer, the Queen's Theatre cannot compete with Covent Garden; but the ballet preserves to the former a feature of attraction peculiarly its own.

A ballet may be characterized as a fable in dumb show, in which opportunities are created for dancing, and frequently for supernatural machinery. The French school of ballet in the last century used to be pastoral; and in the days of the elder Vestris the ballet was confined to a few simple incidents, such as may happen in a village, with its lovers' jealousies, the unwillingness of a parent to give his daughter in marriage, and the arrival of the generous lord of the manor, who furnishes a dowry, pacifies the griping parent, and makes Colin a happy bridegroom. Afterwards the ballet became more varied and romantic, with considerable changes of scenery and costume, often taken from a popular tale, such as the "Manon l'Escaut" of the Abbé Prevost, or the "Paul and Virginia" of Bernardin St. Pierre, the two most popular French narratives of the latter half of the eighteenth century. The later French ballets are like the modern romances of the French school, more brilliant and varied, but much more artificial, and trusting too much to sudden surprises and changes.

But the attention to historical accuracy of costume, and the faithful representation of the architecture of particular periods, is interesting and instructive: thus what the French school of ballet has lost in easy and unconstrained development of plot, has been partly regained by an approximation to the illusion of time and place. There is far more historical, geographical, and archæological learning in a modern French ballet than formerly. Nothing, for instance, can be more striking than to see, as in "The Girl of Ghent," (reproduced, by the by, in London by Mr. Bunn with great ability,) a scene exactly taken from one of Teniers's wedding pictures, with several hundred figures in the exact costume and colors of the period—from the drunkard with his red stockings and clogs, to the cavalier in the splendid costume of the period, not to mention the dwarf piper on the beer-barrel; so that we feel as if we looked out of a window near Antwerp in the middle of the seventeenth century. If the rehearsal of an opera is a laborious business, that of a ballet is still more so; for in the former case all the persons engaged, from the first singer at £100 per night, down to the chorister at ten shillings, have the requisite musical knowledge; but in the case of the ballet, a

great number of persons are employed whose business is merely to wear a costume and form part of a crowd. These supernumeraries require much drilling, and are most wretchedly paid, so that if they have a family, it is a difficult matter to keep soul and body together; and while the singer and dancer of the first class often ends life in a luxurious villa, surrounded by every comfort, the last stage of the supernumerary is too often that described by the bard of terrible realities—the parish pauper asylum, with "the moping idiot and the madman gay."

We now pass from the stage to the orchestra, which, however subordinate in the English operas of a generation ago, and even in those of Italy up to the middle of last century, now demands a degree of completeness, variety, and excellence which forms a subject of solicitude to the manager. This has resulted from the great importance which the wind instruments acquired in the age of Mozart, and more especially from the influence which the school of Beethoven has indirectly had upon the stage. Although the latter composed only one opera, yet the full power of the modern orchestra was never developed until his symphonies were produced; and it is since Meyerbeer gave up his early disposition to imitate the Rossinian school of melody, and became the legitimate successor of Beethoven in his varied transitions and rich instrumental coloring, that he has been acknowledged as the first composer of the operatic school, in which the orchestra is predominant, and has produced a revolution of powerful influence in the elevation of the orchestra in the lyric drama.

A few years ago the orchestra of the Queen's Theatre amounted to 54 performers, and it is now increased to 74, composed as follows:—14 first violins; 14 second do.; 8 tenors; 8 violoncellos, and 8 double basses; 2 flutes; 2 clarionets; 2 oboes; 2 bassoons; 4 horns; 2 trumpets; 4 trombones; and lastly, 4 drums.

The position of the orchestral performer is in emolument much inferior to that of the singer even of the second or third rank; the highest sum I ever recollect being paid to a musician being £5 per night. The recipient in this case was Signor Dragonetti, certainly the greatest double bass in our generation. The musical director is of course an exception. Mr. Balfe received from Mr. Lumley £1000 for the season; which, considering his position at the very head of his profession as an English composer, and the only one who ever was universally popular on the continent, is not extravagant. This sum apart, the orchestra costs on an average somewhat more than £100 per night. But if the musician has not the large income of the singer or dancer, he is less liable to vicissitudes. He runs neither the risk of spraining his ankle nor catching a chronic cold; and long after the age when singers and dancers are past work, the musician can ply his employment, which, occasioning a healthy excitement, conduces to longevity, unless when efforts are made in which the organic laws of nature are violated; such as in certain wind instruments being played by persons having a tendency to pulmonary disease. So much for the Queen's Theatre; Covent Garden will, we hope, on another occasion, furnish us with a still more varied spectacle.

From "Bentley's Miscellany."

LITERARY MEN OF THE LAST HALF CENTURY.*

Mr. Gillies, we believe, is chiefly known to the public as a skillful translator of German and Danish literature, and as the founder of the Foreign Quarterly Review, an undertaking in which he embarked upon the advice of Sir Walter Scott. He was born and brought up in an old country house in Scotland, and completed his education in Edinburgh; but he tells us that he was so disgusted with the habits of the city, that he was rejoiced at being summoned back, by a fit of sickness, to the bleak solitude of the county of Kincardine.

His temperament appears from the outset to have unfitted him for the ordinary labors and conflicts to which men are exposed who have to fight their way through the world. His health was bad, he was subject to fantastical depressions of spirits, and had acquired eccentric habits and odd views of life.

---

* Memoirs of a Literary Veteran. By R. P. Gillies. London. Bentley.

Both Wordsworth and Scott, in their early correspondence with him, endeavored, without much practical effect, to reason him out of these morbid tendencies, which might partly be attributed to constitutional causes, and partly to the strange style of society from which he derived his first experiences. Living in retirement, and cultivating, without aim or method, a vagrant passion for desultory reading, followed by the usual results of extensive scribbling, the roots were not tended and nourished with sufficient care for the tree to grow up with the vigor requisite to produce much fruit.

The paramount desire of Mr. Gillies, all through life, seems to have been the possession of a quiet and secluded home. Yet, from his own picture of his career, and the restless nature that was for ever welling up in wrong places, to disturb and distract his plans, no man appears to have been less calculated to take the necessary steps to insure the accomplishment of his object, or to prize it when attained. It is the distinguishing disposition of some men to yearn most for that which is most out of their reach, and to think themselves singularly capable of appreciating those sources of happiness which they are least qualified to enjoy. Forming our estimate of Mr. Gillies from the materials he has himself supplied, we cannot help thinking that the description applies very accurately to his case, and will go some way to explain the difficulties that beset him in after life.

Before he had yet attained his majority, he inherited the paternal property, and went to Edinburgh to study for the bar. While he was passing through his terms, a relation wanted money to invest in a speculation, which he easily persuaded Mr. Gillies was a much better thing than landed investments. The consequence was that Mr. Gillies consented to join in a bond for raising the required funds, mortgaging his estate by way of security for the loan. The issue may be foreseen. The speculation failed, and the paternal acres were sold under his feet, casting him in the long run for the means of support upon those talents which he had hitherto only coquetted with for his amusement. This incident, which influenced all the incidents that ensued in a life of strife and vicissitude, throws us a little in advance of the narrative; but as we do not propose to follow the memoir through its subsequent stages, the order of events need not be very strictly observed.

Under the pressure of these unfortunate circumstances, Mr. Gillies looked to the bar for succor; but he was no sooner fairly launched in the profession, than, finding it not quite so profitable at first as he expected, and being constitutionally somewhat impatient and capricious, without waiting to give himself time to test the experiment, he turned to literature as a more likely means of securing a suitable income. No doubt literature is a tempting alternative to minds that are not well adapted for more orderly and drudging pursuits; but even literature, vagrant and irresponsible as it looks upon the surface, cannot be prosecuted with creditable or successful results, without steady perseverance and systematic labor. And it is to the absence of these qualities more than to the deficiency of intellectual power, that half the failures and misfortunes of literary men must be honestly ascribed. Mr. Gillies does not seem to have been constant to any pursuit. He candidly avows that he never had a capacity for "money-making," and that it was his peculiar bent, from first to last, to "despise beaten paths." But men who "despise beaten paths," and who are always for striking out into excursive and experimental trips, coming back again mortified and exhausted, cannot very reasonably hope to arrive at the end of the journey as speedily or in as good condition as those who have pushed vigorously on, looking neither to the right nor the left. In the short season of his youthful prosperity, when he had the power in his own hands of carving out his future career, he yielded himself up to listless and shifting occupations, as fickle and unstable as dreams. We find him, like a true dreamer, giving large prices for old editions of books, forgetting that new editions were cheaper, and more practically valuable. He also indulged in the picture mania, and once entertained an idea of copying some of the fine things he had expended his money upon; this project, however, was relinquished almost as soon as it was formed. All his undertakings, as he himself frankly acknowledges were no better than "twisting ropes of sand." Such, we apprehend, is the moral of his life. But it is not as the moral of Mr. Gillies' life that we

desire to point it out expressly; it carries more weight and importance as the moral of all lives that are not regulated by a wise appreciation of opportunities, and a strenuous consistency in the pursuit of definite aims.

Being now embarked in literature as a profession, Mr. Gillies addressed himself to German and Danish translations, in which, at that time, he had the field nearly to himself, and in which he achieved considerable success; and, having grasped his first laurels, he went for a time upon the Continent, where he saw some of the people he had put into English. On his return, he found his property gradually dwindling out of his hands; and finally came a total break up, which induced him to make a journey to London, for the purpose of establishing the Foreign Quarterly Review, as a foundation to rebuild his demolished fortune upon.

From that moment his evil destiny was never weary of persecuting him. Pecuniary troubles thickened upon him. Debts grew in magnitude by the addition of attorneys' costs, and his days were so fretted over with anxieties, that the laborious designs he had marked out for the quietude of his library, were perpetually frustrated. The more he struggled in the meshes, the more he became involved and incapable of extricating himself. Into this part of his narrative, which he has expanded with a painful and unprofitable minuteness, we must, of course, decline to enter. It is purely personal, and the only ground of justification that can be offered for so elaborate an exposition of private humiliations is, that it is patriotically intended as an exposure of the iniquities of the old law of arrest for debt, and of the crushing power vested in the hands of lawyers, by which they are enabled to heap up overwhelming expenses upon the debtor. These are questions which no tribunal is competent to decide through particular instances, which must, in any state of the law, be left to repose upon their own merits. But, whatever grievances Mr. Gillies may have labored under, in consequence of bad laws and worse lawyers, we cannot restrain the expression of our regret for his own sake, and the sake of literature, that he should have adopted such a mode of putting them upon record. It certainly does not contribute to improve the charm, or enliven the interest of his autobiography.

Looking back upon the opening of the experiences collected into these volumes, we are recalled to a state of society which existed in Scotland half a century ago, and which is not yet, perhaps, entirely gone out. How books ever came to be sold or read amongst the class depicted by Mr. Gillies as the landed gentry of Scotland, at the close of the eighteenth century, is a problem we are wholly at a loss to solve.

The old Scotch laird was the type of a race, some samples of which, no doubt, still survive in remote corners of the northern kingdom. He flourished at the height of his glory in the days of hard drinking, hard riding, and other equally violent customs. Mr. Gillies furnishes a few anecdotes of these worthies, which, coming out quietly in a book, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, when it is the careful study of every respectable man to adapt himself to that Procrustean standard of uniformity, which eschews excesses and salient idiosyncrasies of all kinds, have a very startling effect. What would be thought, in these times, of a landed proprietor who, like the Laird of Bonnymune, should get so drunk at the house of a neighbor, as to be deceived into the belief that the top of a turf-wall was the back of his own horse, and should whoop and halloo under the impression that he was actually riding home, until, tumbling off, fast asleep, he should be carried off to bed? Or of an estated gentleman who, like Lord Kinton, should send for a rascally attorney, that had seized upon the goods of a poor farmer, and, after discharging the debt, should compel his unlucky guest to eat a pair of candles, under the terror of locked doors and a brace of loaded pistols? The Prince of Wales, it appears, took great delight in these stories, but surely it must have been from the art and breadth of delineation with which they were related. Such bits of character-painting depend on tone, gesture, and impulse, rather than upon their intrinsic humor, and are more effective as oral traditions, preserved for the rampant after-dinner delectation of kindred spirits, than as written narratives. In print, their rich coloring disappears, and their subtle spirit of frolic evaporates.

The literary society of Scotland, contemporaneous with these vigorous Bacchana-

lians, went a great way, however, to redeem the intellectual character of the country; and men like Dugald Stewart, Playfair, and Brown, offer a refreshing contrast to the Lairds of Skene, and Brucks, and Usan, and the rest of the half-savage chieftains who enacted such frantic horrors in their mountain fastnesses. Mr. Gillies enjoyed some intercourse with most of the distinguished people, and has carried away recollections of them, which will possess no inconsiderable interest in the localities where they were personally known. Amongst the celebrities he fell in with was Mackenzie, the author of the "Man of Feeling," at that time a living tradition of an expired school.

Mackenzie may be cited as an instance of the slightness of the materials out of which inordinate reputations were sometimes made in those days, compared with the extent of production which is now indispensable to the attainment of a position equally popular and influential. "The Man of Feeling" sufficed to crown Mackenzie with an established fame in his own age, and to transmit it to ours, although the book itself is unknown to nine-tenths of the people who are familiar with the name of the author. Campbell was the last of the race that acquired a great reputation by a small amount of toil and invention. We are not disputing the justness of the title to these distinctions, which may often be as nobly won, or perhaps more nobly, by single efforts, than by repeated and accumulated performances. Hohenlinden alone was enough for a fame that shall survive as long as our language is read or spoken. We are simply pointing out a characteristic difference in the demands of the two periods, and the greater pressure which is now made upon the energies and resources of authors, and to which they must respond at a cost of labor and energy under which intellects like Mackenzie's would have been crushed, before they can hope to make a decided impression on our versatile, capricious, and exacting public. Compare the two novelettes of Mackenzie's with the catalogues, for they amount to that, of the fictions of Bulwer and Dickens; think of the very slender quantity of invention and character, of passion and observation they contain, placed in juxtaposition with the variety of plot and action, the masses of movement, the extent of surface traversed, the phases of humanity explored and exhibited, and the endless combinations of dramatic interest that may be traced through these works; and pronounce upon the difficulties that have been vanquished on the one side, contrasted with the short and easy victory that was achieved on the other. Yet Mackenzie's name will, in all probability, live, side by side, with the names of our most voluminous writers, whether his grasp of the sympathies of mankind be found large enough to justify the rank accorded to him by a posterity that does not always take the trouble to inquire into the validity of the claims it tacitly accepts.

The last age, therefore, was a more fortunate age for authors than the present. There is so much to be done in these times before an author can attract an audience to himself—there are so many conflicting novelties to divert and distract attention—that more exertion and ability are now expended in the mere struggle to be heard than was formerly sufficient to secure success. There are fifty Mackenzies amongst us at this moment buried in obscurity and lifting their voices in vain. The public know nothing of this. They do not even credit it when it is asserted, but fall back on the old dogma that if there were such people they would be sure to make themselves felt. Yet it is true, nevertheless, that there are fifty such, not capable, perhaps, of exactly the same enamelled sentiment and wire-drawn refinement, (which it would not be very desirable to revive,) but capable of infinitely higher and more comprehensive efforts. But in the whirl and crush they are lost, and may deem themselves lucky if they escape being trodden under foot. The public literally know nothing of the Prophets, and Teachers, and Civilizers, who are working for them through channels that bring no personal glory, and who help on anonymously, unable to reap the profit which is their due, that great work of human advancement which, without their aid, would, at best, only stagger forward blindly towards the distant goal. In the despair of accomplishing individual recognition, they throw themselves into labors which condemn them to remain unknown, but in which they frequently develop a command of resources that would have brought them both fame and fortune in the last century. Do the public ever inquire to

what undistinguished instructors they are indebted for the masculine power and wide-reaching knowledge poured out with such freshness and unfailing fertility in the columns of the daily papers? Do the public care to dispense to the nameless laborers in the thousand and one periodicals that swarm on their tables, any special marks even of the fugitive interest they may be presumed to take in the toil that contributes so largely to their entertainment? The pampered public are content to be amused, and trouble themselves no farther.

The pecuniary rewards of authors have fallen in the same ratio. Only some five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Gillies, sitting down in London as editor of a Review, from which he expected to derive about £200 a year, anticipated that he should "easily earn" by other works £800 a year more. "This was no arrogant presumption on my part," he observes; "I was advised in the belief, and in those days, when railroads and cheap publications were unknown, such an income for a working author was reckoned a very small and moderate estimate!" The world has turned round several times since those golden days, and the "working author" has not profited by its revolutions. The writer of an able article on the present state of literature, in a recent number of the "North British Review," says that £1000 a year is about the average income of working authorship; but we apprehend that, like some of our Rural Commissioners, who, having been sent into the country to ascertain the condition of the poor, derived their information from the tables of the gentry, the Reviewer formed his estimate upon the high and narrow basis of his own experience. If we could descend into the struggling crowd to which this description more expressly applies, we suspect it would be discovered that the ample revenues with which the Reviewer endows them individually, would cover the whole gains of a small batch of industrious laborers. But this is a matter upon which speculations must necessarily be vague and inconclusive. The income of authors must mainly depend on the nature of their acquirements, and their power of adapting them with practical facility to the wants of the market. The highest order of talent is not always the most profitable. There must be not only knowledge, but skill, in the use that is made of it. A writer must understand his art as well as his subject. The time is gone by when authorship was an inspiration. Something more is demanded now, and without that something more great successes are unattainable. The failures of authors are not always referable to deficiency of capacity; nor their triumphs to its possession alone. Under these various conditions of the craft, it is obvious that the results must be various. But there can be no difficulty in determining the general fact that, with the increase of authorship, the profits of authorship have proportionably diminished. We believe they have diminished in a still greater ratio. Certain it is that the prospects which were held out to Mr. Gillies, as a "working author," twenty-five years ago, would be regarded as a tantalizing myth, by a heavy majority of the working authors of the present day.

But to return to Mackenzie, who, when Mr. Gillies met him, was upwards of seventy years of age, and was regarded as the only surviving representative of a literature which, even then, was either gone by or rapidly vanishing. He seems to have been living jauntily upon his fame, drifting about Edinburgh in a long dark *surtout*, which hung as loosely about him as if there were a skeleton beneath. His face, worn away, and sharpened in expression, resembled that of Voltaire; and he had such an air of the church-yard about him, that he was called the ghost. Yet we are assured that he was wonderfully cheerful in society, was a great walker, generally attended by a favorite pointer, that no weather daunted him, and that, although he had long ceased to write, he still continued to haunt the bookshops and libraries, and that being consulted by canny James Ballantyne on the first sheets of "Waverley," he oracularly pronounced it to be the work of no ordinary man. These fragments are not much; but they are sufficient to afford a glimpse of the macilent figure of a writer who, long before the world was agitated by the private griefs of Herr Werter, threw many a boarding-school and quiet homestead into a state of perturbation, from which they had not recovered when the revolutionary proof-sheets of Waverley first saw the light.

Scott, Jeffrey, and, latterly, Hogg suc-

ceeded to the prominent places on the Edinburgh stage vacated by the mathematicians and experimental philosophers, and brought in a new era with them. The early poetry of Scott, and the long train of historical romances, imparted an impulse to the age which has not yet spent its force; and the inauguration of Blackwood's Magazine, in which Hogg was a conspicuous actor, produced an effect on the tone of current literature which soon penetrated beyond the Border. But the Edinburgh Review was the most striking feature of that period of transition, developing for the first time, a system of sustained criticism destined to exercise an important influence over the public taste. From the days of Dryden, who may be considered as the first English writer that laid down the elements of criticism, to the appearance of the Edinburgh Review, the advance that had been made towards any thing like a jurisdiction in literature, was slow and uncertain, deriving its chief support from the incidental contributions of such men as Addison and Johnson, but never succeeding in the attempt to shape the principles of art into a code, or to set up an authority competent to administer them. Here was a tribunal, thoroughly qualified upon all questions, established and recognized at once. It is not within the scope of our desultory gossip to discuss the manner in which it discharged its functions; we are now interested only in the new power it introduced, and the standard it erected for regulating the verdicts of public opinion. The old lumbering Monthly Review and the Gentleman's Magazine had endeavored, as well as they could, to chronicle the progress of books; but that was all. Their judgments very closely resembled the judgments of our masters in chancery under the winding-up act, and the great difficulty was to disentangle an intelligible doctrine from amidst their blunders and contradictions. The Edinburgh Review was consistent, able, and luminous, and, whatever differences it precipitated in the world, differences inseparable from the action of such publications, the deep and salutary impression it made upon popular literature may be said to have formed an epoch in our annals.

We cannot have a more conclusive illustration of the vicissitudes that have passed over us since the beginning of the century, than is furnished by the results that followed. When the Edinburgh Review was founded, the deliberate interval of three months between the responses of the oracle gave a solemnity and weight to its decisions, which suited the pace at which the age was moving. But steam communication, railway miracles, the *Times* newspaper on the Bourse in Paris at half-past one o'clock, P. M., and an electric net-work of confidential whispers, all over the surface of Europe, have cast us into a wholly different state of existence. We can no longer afford to wait a quarter of a year for the sentence of the critical tribunal. *Nous avons changé cela.* We have shortened the process, and cheapened it, and adapted the machinery of our literary courts to the impatience of science, and the rapidity of production. We now get our cases heard, argued, and decided before the printer's ink is dry in which the pleadings are handed up to the Bench. Within the compass of a week there is more work got through, great and small, than was ever contemplated, or could have been so effectively dispatched, in the Quarterly sittings. This is another significant sign of our condition. The Review has now other business to transact. In literature it must be content to discharge the functions of an appellate court, into which few cases find their way, but whose decisions may be received as final upon points of law. In politics, and tardy Social questions, that must be kept a long time before the public before public opinion can be brought to bear upon them, the legitimate value and authority of the Review will probably always be felt and deferred to.

Jeffrey was the soul of that novel undertaking, and was to all appearance the last man to whom it could have been intrusted with safety. He was to be met with at all the balls and routs of Modern Athens. In society he was "the gayest of the gay," invited everywhere, to be seen everywhere, in the morning on the parade, during midday at the Parliament House, then out promenading or riding, then out to a dinner party, and a rout or two afterwards, to be wound up at a supper with congenial *convives*. His disorderly chambers in Queen-street betrayed few symptoms of studious habits, while the multitude of notes and visiting-cards inserted in the frame of the looking-glass over the mantelpiece, indicated

his devotion to habits of an opposite kind. The wonder was to find in this lively young barrister the special man for the onerous office which he filled with distinction for many subsequent years. But it was no such great wonder after all. It is the young who regenerate the world! It is to the young alone we must look for the boldness of conception, the indifference to difficulties, the elements of activity and daring, the freshness, eagerness, and self-reliance which are essential to the achievement of hazardous enterprises.

Wordsworth was contemporaneous with the Review, and was one of the earliest of its victims. Of a joyous and elastic physical constitution, strengthened by habitual exercise in the mountains, he was in some respects the reverse of Jeffrey. He abhorred wine and fermented liquors, yet highly enjoyed "convivial" society, although he seldom went into it. As to reviews and reviewers, he appears to have held them in utter contempt, his soul being, as he says of Milton, and as quoted by Mr. Gillies, like a star, and taking a starry pleasure in dwelling apart, in a certain high consciousness of its own elevation. It is no disparagement to the genius of Wordsworth as a poet, to say that, as far as all present opportunities enable us to judge, he was but an indifferent critic of others, and by no means capable of estimating himself. His tendency was to underrate in the one direction, and to overrate in the other. He held Byron in aversion, and had but an indifferent opinion of Scott; and upon all occasions, when questions of taste were in dispute, referred to his own works as the unerring criterion and final appeal. In one of his letters to Mr. Gillies, when he wants to show what a "bad writer" Byron was, he picks out a line from him and contrasts it with one of his own, where the same sentiment is put not "formally" as Byron puts it, "but ejaculated, as it were, fortuitously in the musical succession of preconceived feeling," a process Mr. Gillies must have been rather puzzled to comprehend. If the forthcoming life of Wordsworth be addressed to the elucidation of his poetical labors, it will be a book of permanent interest; but little, or worse, is to be expected from his correspondence, or the dicta gathered from his conversations. His fame must be delicately conserved, or some risk will be incurred by penetrating beyond the boundaries of his works, which are the best monuments of his genius, and which, in fact, inclose all the events of his life. We believe that he was latterly prevailed upon to note down the circumstances in which they originated, and the trains of thought out of which they flowed, or which they were intended to illustrate, and that it was his own desire that his biography should be limited to these memoranda. If that desire has been observed, and that no mistaken admiration shall have led to the introduction of the contemporary criticisms he occasionally uttered, in which the weakness of his judgment betrayed him into the strangest fallacies and prejudices, his biography will exhibit a life pure and lofty, and transmit his name to future times with the full lustre which his own ambition yearned for.

Hogg had quite as high an opinion of his own powers as Wordsworth. But what was a deep conviction in Wordsworth, shut up and somewhat scornful towards the outer world, was in Hogg pure vanity, and danced upon the surface. When Mr. Gillies hinted at revisions and the advice of friends, reminding him that "Voltaire had his old woman," (Mr. Gillies, we presume, meant Moliere,) and that Scott was in the habit of consulting Erskine and others on his poems, Hogg replied "That's vera like a man that's frighted to gang by himsel', and needs somebody to lead him. Eh man, neither William Erskine, nor any critic beneath the sun shall ever lead *mei!* If I hae na sense eneuch to mak and mend my ain wark, no other hands or head shall meddle wi' it; I want nae help, thank God, neither from books nor men." This was frank and out-spoken. The vanity here was open and decisive, and was generated by that facility in composition which constantly kept his thoughts in advance of his pen. He could not believe that a man who was able to compose with such celerity could stand in need of any one's advice. Ease was power with him—fluency included all the qualities requisite to perfection. Hogg had another pleasant crotchet about authorship. He maintained that book-learning could be of no use to a veritable poet, and that to make sure of avoiding imitation, it was necessary to keep clear of books. That was his own side of the ques-

tion, and he held to it pertinaciously—the illiterate against the learned, genius against knowledge, for works that are to have the true impress of natural feeling and originality. Notions such as these launched on the refined society of Edinburgh by an inspired shepherd were calculated to startle the tranquil coteries who had hitherto relied upon book-learning for every thing. The consequence was that the number of aspiring geniuses marvellously increased, and as Hogg had laid it down as an immutable maxim that no man could be a poet, unless he was perfectly original, they rushed into all sorts of contortions and eccentricities in the divine rage to be quite new, and unlike every body else. Even James Hogg, therefore, had some share in the revolutions of the literary world.

It would not be so easy to produce a revolution now. When original writers start up they are always followed by imitators; but novelties supersede each other too rapidly in our day to make it worth while to cultivate the art of imitation. Literary fashions do not last long enough—they come in and go out too quickly—to encourage much speculation in second-hand popularity. Besides, the world is growing too practical to attach the same importance to forms that produced only a few years back such tribes of Scotts and Byrons. And writers who apply themselves to literature as a profession, or even in the hope of earning personal distinction by their labors, must sooner or later discover the tendency of the age they address.

It is evident, from the amount of ability employed anonymously in modes unknown to our immediate predecessors, exercising a wide influence over the public mind, and reflecting back no reputation upon the individuals from whom it emanates, that authorship has taken up new ground, and is dependent, to a considerable extent, upon precarious resources. The periodical writer, whatever skill or erudition he may possess, whatever successes he may achieve, is unknown to the public, and through a life of labor is unable to accomplish a reputation upon which he can ultimately found any claims to sympathy or succor. He is forced into the dark by the pressure of an altered system, and compelled to forego fame, which in his, as in all other pursuits, is the foundation of fortune, for the sake of employment which his urgent necessities render imperative. Nor is this all. The excess of production has reduced the stimulus to exertion by lowering the scale of profits. He cannot afford to run the chance of embracing those departments of literature for which nature and opportunity may have best qualified him. He has no choice but to cultivate the occupations from which alone he can wring an income, whether he is fitted for them or not. How little we know how many excellent novelists, dramatists, historians, and biographers are wrecked in newspapers and magazines! The retrospect, upon the whole, conducts us to this conclusion, that we have advanced into a period of increased literary activity, but that the palmy days when great reputations, with corresponding advantages, were gained by small and leisurely efforts, are at an end.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF GOLD.

BY ELIZA COOK.

MINE is the rare magician's hand,
Mine is the mighty fairy wand!
Monarchs may boast, but none can hold
Such powerful sway as the spirit of Gold.
The wigwam tent, the regal dome,
The senator's bench—the peasant home;
The menial serf—the pirate bold,
All, all are ruled by the spirit of Gold.

I spread my sceptre, and put to flight
Stern Poverty's croaking bird of night;
And where I come 'tis passing strange
To note the swift and wondrous change.
I rest with the one whose idiot tongue
Was the scorn of the old and jest of the young;
But flattering worshippers soon crawl round,
And the *rich* man's *wit* and *sense* are found.

Some lowly child of earth has erred,
And Mercy breathes no lenient word;
The fallen one becomes a mark
For every human bloodhound's bark.
Virtue can spare no pitying sigh,
Justice condemns with freezing eye;
Till the pressing load of blight and blame
Goad on to deeper guilt and shame.

But let *me* shield the sinning one.
And dark are the deeds that may be done;
Vice in its "high career" may reign,
It meets no bar, it leaves no stain;

Passion and crime may wear the mask,
No hand will strip, no lip will task;
The record of sin may be unroll'd,
None read if 'tis traced in letters of Gold.

The dame has come to her waning years—
And man goes by with his laughing jeers.
Who! who can love! what creature seeks
The softness of such wrinkled cheeks?
But lo! she is *rich*, and scores will bring
The lover's vow and the bridal ring;
And many a heart so bought and sold
Has lived to curse the spirit of Gold.

Does it not pain the breast to note
How the eyes of the aged will glisten and gloat?
How the hands will count with careful stealth
O'er the growing stores of useless wealth?
They bend to me with a martyr's knee,—
And many a time have I laugh'd to see
The man of fourscore, pale and cold,
Stinting his fire to save his Gold.

Pile on to your masses, add heap to heap,
While those around you may starve and weep;
But forget not, hoary-headed slave,
That *thou*, not *gold*, must fill a grave.
Thou canst not haggle and bargain for breath,
Thy coffers won't serve to bar out death;
Thou *must* be poor when the church-yard stone
And the shroud will be all that thou canst own.

Hatred dwells in the poor man's breast,
But the foe may safely be his guest;
Though his wrongs may madden to despair,
The injured one must brook and bear.
But let the princely heart desire
Revenge to quench its raging fire
Though it even crave to be fed with life,
Gold, Gold will find the ready knife.

The patriot boasts his burning zeal
In the people's good and his country's weal;
But let *me* whisper a word in his ear,
And freedom and truth become less dear,—
The honest friend will turn a spy,
The witness swear to the hideous lie.
Oh! the souls are unnumber'd and crimes untold,
That are warp'd and wrought by the spirit of Gold.

I work much evil,—but, yet, oh! yet,
I reign with pride when my throne is set
In the good man's heart, where feeling gives
Its aid to the meanest thing that lives.
My glorious home is made in the breast
That loves to see the weary rest;
That freely and promptly yields a part
Of its riches to gladden the toil-worn heart.

That loathes the chance of the rattling dice,
And turns from the gambler's haunts of vice;
That does not watch with frenzied zeal
The tossing throw or circling deal;
That squanders not with spendthrift haste,
Nor lets glad plenty run to waste;
But saves enough to give or lend
The starving foe or needy friend.

Glory is mine when I shed my light
On the heart that cannot be lured from right;
That seeks to spread the cheering ray
On all that come around its way.
Cursed is wealth when it falls to the share
Of the griping dotard or selfish heir!
But wisely scatter the talents ye hold,
And blessings shall fall on the spirit of Gold.

From "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

MESMERISM.*

In a recent paper, we treated of the qualities of the Od Force, and of the ways in which it manifested itself to our sight and feelings. We then showed the strange bond existing between man and the globe on which he lives, and how much he is unwittingly influenced by the lifeless matter around and beneath him. Let us now proceed to a still more interesting part of our subject, and observe the way in which the Od Force, circulating in each of us, can be propelled outwards, and made to influence others.

The practice of animal magnetism seems to have existed in the earliest ages, and, more or less, among all nations with whose ancient history we are familiar. But in those ages it was made a mystery of, its secrets were jealousy kept from the mass of the people, and served to invest its adepts (generally the higher class of the priesthood) with a character and attributes seemingly divine. This appears to have been especially the case in ancient Egypt. In later times—as among the Rosicrucians of mediæval Germany—the same mystery was kept up, but from a different reason. The age that burned witches, and imprisoned Galileo for maintaining that the earth re-

* This paper coming to us from a respectable quarter, and containing information on a subject which at present excites much attention, we do not feel called upon to exclude it, merely because we have not ourselves had the opportunities enjoyed by the writer of becoming convinced of the truth of the phenomena described and referred to. The reader will please to receive the paper as one presented for the gratification of any curiosity which may exist on the subject of Mesmerism, and not as a declaration of our own faith upon that subject; on which, however, it is but candid to say, we entertain none of those prejudices of skepticism which as often form a measure of ignorance and self-conceit as of knowledge and true wisdom.—*Ed.*

volved, was obviously not a tolerant one. The researches of science it denounced as profane; and powers which it could not account for were summarily ascribed to the devil. Hence the illuminati of the middle ages had to veil their discoveries from the public eye, only communicating them to a chosen few, banded by oath in Secret Societies.

In circumstances so unfavorable to its preservation, it is not surprising that, by the beginning of last century, the knowledge of animal magnetism had become virtually extinct, or could only be gathered, dimly and in fragments, from the not very intelligible writings of the old mystics. The merit of its rediscovery is due to Mesmer; and accordingly the science of animal magnetism has very generally been called after his name.

Puységur subsequently discovered that the magnetic trance could be induced by a simpler method than that practised by Mesmer. The principal features of the process are too generally known to need any description here: suffice it to say, that the result can be obtained either by contact or *passes*—by the eye, or by the will. As a general rule, the mesmerizer should be stronger than the person he operates on. From their weak diet and apathetic temperament, Dr. Esdaile found the natives of Bengal very susceptible to the magnetic treatment; but the case is different with Europeans. With us a person in health succumbs only to a skilled operator, remarkable for mesmeric power; and if he be robust in body, as well as in health, it is almost impossible to affect him. The lymphatic temperament is the most easily subdued; while a restless, energetic mind is least so. Trance is ordinarily induced in from five minutes to half an hour; but sometimes more than half-a-dozen sittings are required ere this takes place. Among French patients, the mesmeric powers are more rapidly developed than with English or Germans. The English especially, says Dr. Mayo, for the most part require a long course of education, many sittings, to have their powers drawn out: but "these are by far the most interesting cases." Let us see now what are the principal stages in the development of the mesmeric powers—premising that very few persons are capable of reaching the clairvoyant degree, and that the progression is not always regular from stage to stage, but varies with different persons, and even with the same person at different times, both in order and extent:—

1. As soon as the mesmeric process has taken effect, the patient falls into a profound trance. In some cases one or other of his senses is partially active, but in general he is totally insensible. You may cut off a leg or an arm, and he will not feel it; you may fire a gun at his ear, and he will not hear it.

2. After continuing thus for some time, or after being several times entranced, the patient awakes within himself. He cannot see any thing; but he hears and pertinently answers his mesmerizer, and sometimes others also.

3. By and by a new phenomenon appears. Without seeing, he sympathetically adopts the voluntary movements of the operator. He imitates what he says and does. He will sing a song after him, though the music be strange to him, and the words be in a foreign tongue; and will throw himself into any posture the operator may assume, however difficult to maintain, and will continue in it motionless as long as you please, or until he awake. Thus Dr. Esdaile made a native Bengalese, who knew not a word of English, sing "God save the Queen," and others of our national ditties, in capital style. He gives a curious account also of the odd rigid postures which he made his patients assume; and mentions that any limb could be instantaneously *thawed* by directing against it a jet of cold water. Thus with a syringe, and from a distance, he shot down one limb after another of his living statues; while directing a *jet-d'eau* against the calf of the leg brought them at once to the ground.

4. A step further and the entranced person, who has no feeling, or taste, or smell of his own, feels, tastes, and smells every thing that is made to tell on the senses of the operator. If the most acrid substance be put in his own mouth, he is quite insensible to its presence; but if sugar or mustard be placed on the operator's tongue, the entranced person immediately expresses satisfaction or disgust. So, also, if you pluck a hair from the operator's head, the other complains of the pain you give him.

Dr. Mayo accounts for these sympathetic phenomena by supposing that the mind of the entranced person has interpenetrated the nervous system of the operator; that in the third stage, it is in relation with the anterior half of the cranio-spinal cord and its nerves, (by which the impulse to voluntary motion is originated and conveyed;) and in the fourth stage, with the posterior half also.

This interpenetration can extend farther; but before this happens, a phenomenon of an altogether different kind manifests itself? this is *transposed sensation.* The operator contrives to awake the entranced person to the knowledge that he possesses new organs of sensation. Comparatively few persons can be brought as far as this, but many make a tantalizing advance towards it, *thus:* They are asked, "Do you see any thing?" and after some days they at length answer "Yes!" "What?" "A light." "Where is the light?" Then they intimate its place, which may be anywhere around or above them, and describe its color, which is usually yellowish. Each day it is pointed to in the same direction, and is seen equally whether the room be light or dark—their eyes meanwhile being shut. And here with many the phenomenon stops. Others now begin to discern objects held in the direction in which they see this light. In most of the persons in whom Mr. Williamson (of Whickham) brought out this transposed sensation, the faculty was located in a small surface of the scalp behind the left ear. The patients generally saw objects best when held at five or six inches distant from and opposite to this spot; but with one the best distance was seven or eight feet, and behind her. Some can see to read with their finger-ends, others with the pit of the stomach: and in some rare cases this visual faculty is spread over the whole cutaneous membrane. Dr. Mayo mentions a curious case in which a girl, when entranced, saw with the knuckles of one hand; and on smearing the back of that hand with ink, she could no longer see with it.

5. In the fifth stage, the entranced person reaches what has been called the state of self-intuition; he obtains a clear knowledge of his own internal, mental, and bodily state, and generally possesses a like power of internal inspection with regard to others who have been placed in magnetic connection (*en rapport*) with him. Thus such persons have frequently told the exact nature of their disease; have prescribed for themselves, in no recorded instance erroneously; if subject to fits, have predicted the precise hour of their recurrence, sometimes months beforehand, as well as the period of their own recovery. It is to this stage and the next that the term clairvoyance, or "lucid vision" has been applied.

6. The sixth degree is just an extension of the preceding one, and has been styled that of *universal lucidity.* When a person has reached this stage, if there be given him a lock of hair, letter, &c., belonging to an unknown and distant party, (and of course impregnated with his peculiar Od,) the clairvoyant will forthwith mentally go in search of him, and will tell where he is, what he is like, what he is doing—nay, even how he is both in body and mind.

To this stage belongs the remarkable phenomenon of *mental travelling* by entranced persons; the more complicated cases of which prove that the mind of the clairvoyant actually pays a visit to the scene in question, and can see things, or pass on to remote places, of which the fellow-traveller has no cognizance. Instances of this are stated. We quote one in illustration from Dr. Mayo's book:—"A young person whom Mr. Williamson mesmerized became clairvoyant. In this state she paid me a mental visit at Boppard; and Mr. Williamson, who had been a resident there, was satisfied that she realized the scene. Afterwards I removed to Weilbach, *where Mr. Williamson had never been.* Then he proposed to the clairvoyante to visit me again. She reached, accordingly, in mental travelling, my former room in Boppard, and expressed surprise and annoyance at not finding me there, and at observing others in its occupation. Mr. Williamson proposed that she should set out and try to find me. She said, 'You must help me.' Then Mr. Williamson said, 'We must go up the river some way till we come to a great town, (Mainz.') The clairvoyante said she had got there. Then said Mr. Williamson, 'We must go up another river, (the Maine,) which joins our river at this town, and try to find Dr. Mayo on its banks somewhere.' Then the clairvoyante said, 'Oh, there is a large

house, let us go and see it: no; there are two large houses—one white, the other red.' Upon this Mr. Williamson proposed that she should go into one of the two houses and look about; she quickly recognized my servant, went mentally into my room, and described a particular or two which were by no means likely to be guessed by her. When Mr. Williamson subsequently came to visit me at Weilbach, he was forcibly struck with the appearance of the two houses, which tallied with the account given beforehand by the mental traveller. I have not the smallest doubt she mentally realized my new abode. Then how did she do all this? .... I cannot help inclining to the belief, that in the *ordinary perception* of a place or person, the mind acts exoneurally, [beyond the body;] that in visiting new places the mind establishes a direct relation with the scenes or persons. Then, in the simplest case of mental visiting, where the scene to be visited is familiar to the interrogator, I presume that the clairvoyante's mind, being in communion with his, realizes scenes which his has previously exoneurally realized. Arriving thus at the scene itself, the clairvoyante observes for herself, and sees what may be new in it and unknown to her fellow-traveller: and in the same way may pursue (as in the mental visit made to myself at Weilbach) suggested features of the locality, and be thus helped to beat about in space for new objects, and at length to recognize among them, and mentally identify persons with whom she has already arrived at a mental mesmeric relation."

Still more astonishing is the faculty of prevision manifested in the higher degrees of mesmeric trance. Cases of this kind are referrible to three different heads:—1. The case of Cazot, (mentioned by Dr. Foissac,) who had predicted, as usual, when his next epileptic fit would occur, but ere the time came round, was thrown from his horse, and killed, proves that the clairvoyant can foresee what his living economy will be, *other things continuing the same*. 2. Dr. Teste gives the case of a lady, his patient, who, when entranced, foretold the day and hour when an accident, the nature of which she could not foresee, was to befall her, and from it a long series of illness was to take its rise. Dr. Teste and the lady's husband were staying with her when the fatal moment (unknown to her) approached. Then she rose, and making an excuse, left the room, followed by her husband; when, on opening a door, a great gray rat rushed out, and she sank down in a fit of terror, and the predicted illness ensued. In this case the prevision plainly extended to an extraneous and accidental circumstance, which no calculation or intuition of her natural bodily changes could have led her to. 3. But there are instances which reach yet further. Dr. Foissac mentions the case of a Mademoiselle Cœline, who, when entranced, predicted that she would be poisoned on a certain evening, at a given hour. What would be the vehicle of the poison she could not foresee, either at the time when she first uttered the prediction, or on an occasion or two afterwards, when, being again entranced, she recurred to the subject. However, shortly before the day she was to be poisoned, being questioned in trance as to the possibility of averting her fate, she said, "Throw me into the sleep a little before the time I have named, and then ask me whether I can discern where the danger lies." This was done, and Mademoiselle Cœline at once said that the poison was in a glass at her bedside: they had substituted for quinine an excessive dose of morphine.

"Thus," says Dr. Mayo, "there is a true series of consequences to be deduced from whatever partial premises the clairvoyante may happen to be acquainted with. When she has more data, she makes a wider calculation, again certain so far as it goes; but other premises influencing the ultimate result may still have escaped her. So the utmost reach of genuine trance-prevision is but the announcement of a probability which unforeseen events may counteract."

Such, in brief, are the mesmeric faculties, and the modes in which they manifest themselves. Wonderful they certainly are; but, unlike the more recondite facts of science, which yet readily obtain credence—unlike the velocity of light or the vibrations of the air—the verification of animal magnetism is within the power of all. It is the apparent impossibility of the thing that hinders belief in it: people think it so opposed to the whole course of nature, that they will not waste time in examining the matter. Let us see if we cannot remove this impression

—if we cannot find in nature herself something analogous to the mesmeric powers. We trust in a few sentences to do this, and more than this—to show that nature often develops in the human being powers not only analogous, but identical, and even exceeding in some respects any *yet observed* in the mesmeric stages. The annals of natural trance, of somnambulism, and catalepsy, furnish proofs redundant. Our only difficulty is what to select.

Take the following:—M. Petetin attended a young married lady in a sort of fit. She lay seemingly unconscious, and her arms, when raised, remained in the air. Being put to bed, she commenced singing; but pinching her skin, and shouting in her ear, all failed to arouse her attention. Then it happened that the doctor's foot slipped while arranging her; and as he recovered himself, half leaning over her, he said, "How provoking we can't make her leave off singing!" "Ah, doctor!" she cried, "don't be angry: I won't sing any more;" and she stopped. But shortly she began again: and in vain did the doctor implore her, by the loudest entreaties addressed to the ear, to keep her promise, and desist. At last it occurred to him to place himself in the same position as when she heard him before; and raising the bedclothes, he bent his head towards her stomach, and said in a loud voice, "Do you, then, mean to sing for ever?" "Oh, what pain you have given me!" she exclaimed: "I implore you speak lower;" at the same time she passed her hand over the pit of her stomach. "In what way, then, do you hear?" asked Dr. Petetin. "Like any one else," was the answer. "But I am speaking to your stomach!" "Is it possible?" she said. He then tried again whether she could hear with her ears, speaking even through a tube, to aggravate the sound: she heard nothing. On his asking her, at the pit of her stomach, if she had not heard him—"No," said she; "I am indeed unfortunate." Here is transposed sensation.

A few days after the scene just described, the lady had another attack of catalepsy, during which she still heard with her stomach, and also saw with it, even through an intervening opaque body. Meanwhile her countenance expressed astonishment, and Dr. Petetin inquired the cause. "I am singing, doctor," she answered, "to divert my attention from a sight which appalls me. I see my inside, and the strange forms of the organs, surrounded with a network of light. My countenance must express what I feel—astonishment and fear. A physician who should have my complaint for a quarter of an hour would think himself fortunate, as nature would reveal all her secrets to him." "Do you see your heart?" asked Dr. Petetin. "Yes, there it is: it beats at twice—the two sides in agreement; when the upper part contracts, the lower part swells, and immediately afterwards contracts; the blood rushes out all luminous, and issues by two great vessels which are but a little apart."

But to proceed. One morning (still farther on in her case) the fit came on, according to custom, at eight o'clock. Petetin arrived later than usual. He announced himself by speaking to the fingers of the patient, (by which also he was now heard.) "You are a very lazy person this morning, doctor," said she. "It is true, madam; but if you knew the reason, you would not reproach me." "Ah!" said she; "I perceive: you have had a headache for the last four hours: it will not leave you till six in the evening. You are right to take nothing: no human means can prevent it running its course." "Can you tell me on which side is the pain?" said Petetin. "On the right side: it occupies the temple, the eye, the teeth: I warn you that it will invade the left eye, and that you will suffer considerably between three and four o'clock: at six you will be free from pain." The prediction came out literally true. "If you wish me to believe you, you must tell me what I hold in my hand." "I see through your hand an antique medal." Dr. Petetin inquired at what hour her own fit would terminate. "At eleven." "And the evening accession, when will it come on?" "At seven o'clock." "In that case it will be later than usual." "Yes: the periods of its recurrence are going to change to so and so." During this conversation the patient's countenance expressed annoyance. She then said to M. Petetin—"My uncle has just entered; he is conversing with my husband behind the screen; his visit will fatigue me; beg him to go away." The uncle, on leaving, took with him, by mistake, her husband's cloak, which she perceived, and sent her sister-in-law to reclaim

it. Here, indubitably, is clairvoyance and prevision.

Experiments were subsequently tried by M. Petetin upon eight different patients, all of whom exhibited the same phenomenon of the transference of the faculties to the pit of the stomach, (*epigastrium*,) and to the extremities of the fingers and toes; with the addition of a prodigious development of the intellectual powers, and a presentiment or foresight of their future diseased symptoms. The following experiments show that *taste*, as well as sight and hearing, is sometimes transferred to the epigastrium. M. Petetin secretly placed pieces of cake, biscuit, tarts, &c., upon the stomach of one of these patients, which was immediately followed by the taste of the particular article in the mouth. When the substance was enveloped in silk stuff, no sensation was felt by the patient; but the taste was immediately perceived on removing the covering. An egg was covered over with varnish, and the patient felt no taste until the varnish was removed. M. Petetin, we may remark, was by no means an advocate of the Mesmerian system; of which, indeed, at the time he published his reports on these cases, he does not appear to have had the slightest experimental knowledge.

The late Mr. Bulteel witnessed the following phenomena in the case of a female in natural trance:—After a remark made to put her off her guard, a line of a folded note was pressed against the back of her neck: she read it. She used also to tell that persons, whom she knew, were coming to the house, while they were yet at some distance; and when persons were in the room with her playing chess, behind her, if they made intentionally false moves, she would ask them what they could possibly do that for.

A case treated by Dr. Despine at Aix-les-Bains. This was an epileptic patient, who had all sorts of fits and day-somnambulism, during which she was not incapacitated for waiting at table, though her eyes were shut. She likewise saw alternately with her fingers, the palm of her hand, and her elbow, and would write with precision with her right hand, superintending the process with her left elbow. "These details," adds Dr. Mayo, "are peculiarly gratifying to myself; for in the little I have seen, I yet have seen a patient walk about with her eyes shut, and well blinded besides, holding the knuckles of one hand before her as a seeing lantern."

Of another patient Dr. Prost remarks:—"Her intellectual faculties acquired a great activity, and the richness of her fancy made itself remarked in the picturesque images which she threw into her descriptions." As she was telling her friends of an approaching attack of catalepsy, suddenly she exclaimed—"I no longer see or hear things in the same manner; every thing is transparent around me, and my observation extends to incalculable distances." She designated without an error, the people who were on the public promenade, whether near the house, or still a quarter of an hour's walk distant. She read the thoughts of every one who came near her; she marked those who were false and vicious, (a faculty which is often remarkably exhibited by dying persons;) and repelled the approach of stupid people, who bored her with their questions, and aggravated her malady. (Persons much questioned when in trance, either natural or mesmeric, generally complain of severe headache when awakening out of it.)

We commend these cases of natural trance to general attention. They are selected and abridged from the works of Mayo and Colquhoun—the latter of which gentlemen was the first to draw the public attention of this country to the claims of animal magnetism, in his erudite work, "Isis Revelata." These cases, we think, sufficiently prove that there is nothing supernatural or impossible in the pretensions of animal magnetism; on the contrary, that the mesmeric state is nothing else than *natural trance artificially produced*. A comparison of the cases quoted will in fact show, that in "self-intuition" the natural trance equals the mesmeric, while in "transposed sensation" it surpasses it. In "prevision" they are nearly on a par: especially if we add in favor of the former (as we now do) the well-authenticated prediction of the sudden death of the late king of Wirtemberg, four years before it happened, by one somnambulist, and six months previous to it by another; the latter naming the very day (28th October, 1816) on which he was struck by the fatal apoplexy. Lest our evidence in favor of *natural* "clairvoyance and mental travelling" should be thought inferior to that of the mesmeric

trance, we shall close our case with one more instance, which we hope will be found decisive. The strange communion of the spirits at such a distance, and previously unacquainted, cannot fail to arrest the reader's notice.

Mademoiselle W——, a natural clairvoyante, whose case is minutely detailed by Dr. Klein, her physician, being on a visit at the house of M. St. ——, was asked by that gentleman to turn her clairvoyant powers towards his son, then serving with the French army in Russia. From that moment Mademoiselle W—— directed her thoughts towards the young officer, and in all her paroxysms, although she had never seen him, she described him exactly as if she had him before her eyes. She frequently asked his sister if she did not see him in a corner of the room; and one day, upon receiving a negative answer, she said, "Well then, ask him any questions you please, and I shall return his answers." The sister then asked all sorts of questions relative to family matters, which were quite unknown to the somnambulist, who answered them all in a manner so precise and accurate, that the interrogator afterwards declared that she felt herself seized with a cold perspiration, and was several times on the point of fainting with fright, during what she called the Dialogue of the Spirits. On another occasion the somnambulist declared to the father that she saw his son at the hospital, with a piece of white linen wrapt round his chin—that he was wounded in the face—that he was unable to eat, but that he was in no danger. Some days later she said that he was now able to eat, and that he was much better. Some weeks afterwards a courier arrived from the army. M. St. —— immediately went to Count Th—— to inquire what news he had received; and the latter set his mind completely at rest, by informing him that his son's name was not in the list of the wounded. Transported with joy, he returned home, and said to Mademoiselle W——, who was at that time in her somnambulic sleep, that for once she had not divined correctly, and that, fortunately for his son and himself, she had been completely deceived. At these words the young lady felt much offended; and in an angry and energetic tone assured him that she was quite certain of the truth of her statement—that, at the very moment, she saw his son at the hospital with his chin wrapt in white linen, and that, in the state in which she then was, it was quite impossible she could be deceived. Soon afterwards there came a note from Count Th——; which, after some expressions of politeness and condolence, announced that a second list of the wounded had arrived, containing the name of his son, who had been struck by a musket-ball on the chin, and was under medical treatment in the hospital, &c.

These facts are related in the third volume of the "Bibliothèque du Magnetisme Animal," and "the veracity of the persons upon whose authority it is given," says Mr. Colquhoun, "lies under no suspicion."

From "The Literary Gazette."

A TRIP TO MEXICO;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A TEN-MONTHS' RAMBLE IN 1849–50. BY A BARRISTER.

This is a pleasant readable book, telling in unaffected style how a gentleman went to Mexico, what he saw there, and how he came back. There is nothing new in it, nor is it enlivened by adventure: the traveller met with no hair-breadth escapes, and seems to have made himself tolerably comfortable throughout his journey; antiquities, history, and natural history are alike neglected—the more's the pity—yet the narrative will be read with interest, and may wile away not unprofitably an idle hour or two. We are told in it how ordinary people like ourselves move about and spend their time in Mexico; and every body likes to know the ways of his neighbor, even though on the other side of the Atlantic.

The "Barrister" takes to ship at Southampton, in a West India mail-packet, and crosses the Atlantic with scarcely an alarm or even a discomfort, saving an occasional ill-cooked dinner. He lands at Vera Cruz; meets with kindness and hospitality everywhere; looks about him for three weeks in the famous city of Mexico; visits mines and factories and fairs; spends six months happily among friends in the little town of Tepic; amuses himself by shooting wild ducks and wondering at armadilloes and iguanas; sails in an American steamer, among a crowd of

Yankee Generals and Colonels, in red worsted shirts, and trowsers tucked inside their boots, to Panamá; crosses the Isthmus and finds his way back in the same snug but slow West Indian packet in which he started.

In Mexico he passed through the country where pulque is made, tipple for which a taste must be acquired, though the Mexicans might retort the same remark were brown stout submitted to their judgment. We know some foreigners in Britain, however, who, were their expulsion proposed, might petition the House of Commons on account of their love of Barclay's Entire, after the example set by the old Spaniards in Mexico:—

"We passed through the centre of a district in which the Maguey, or large American Aloe, is extensively cultivated for the manufacture of Pulque. Pulque is the common drink of all Mexicans, and answers to our beer, though more intoxicating. All who once get accustomed to the smell and taste, like it much, and it is even said to become necessary to people, after they have used it for many years. When the Republic was first established, many old Spaniards threatened with expulsion, petitioned the National Assembly to allow them to remain in Mexico, the groundwork of the petition being that they had been so long accustomed to drink Pulque, (not procurable in Spain,) that their lives would be endangered if they left it off. The manner of making this drink is as follows: When the aloe is just on the point of throwing up its huge stem from its coronet of leaves, deep amidst which its broad basis had been for some time forming, the farmer or gardener scoops out the whole pith, leaving the outer rind, and thus making, inside the circle of leaves, a bowl-like cavity, about two feet deep and eighteen inches wide, according to the size of the plant. This cavity is soon filled with the sap which should have gone to nourish the stalk, and as it flows, is removed several times daily for some months, or as long as the tap yields. A portion of this juice (called honey-water, *aguamiel*) is set apart to ferment and act as a sort of leaven or yeast for the rest. This is called Madre-Pulque, the Mother of Pulque, and when completely prepared, (which it is in about a fortnight,) a small portion of it is added to the skins or tubs containing the fresh aguamiel, and sets it fermenting in a day or so. A large plant is said to yield from ten to fifteen pints daily, and this for months. Others vary the process by putting a small quantity of *mescal* into the cavity in the plant to mix with the sap as it flows in; and this seems to answer very well. This process of milking the Aloe is, as might be expected, a fatal one to the plant, but before it dies it always throws out shoots which keep up the stock. The fermentation is usually conducted in skins, and as soon as this is over the Pulque is fit for drinking. To strangers both the taste and smell are horrible, something of the style of rotten eggs; but one soon gets accustomed to the flavor, The fresh sap, or aguamiel, is often drunk unprepared, but it is too humble a tipple to be generally patronized.

"These aloes are often of immense size. The common leaves are eight or ten feet in length, more than a foot in width, and thick in proportion. The stem often shoots up to twenty or thirty feet or more, and is as thick as a man's body."

What would our dandy coachmen and footmen of London say to the aspect of their representatives in "the drive" of Mexico?—

"The chief delights and amusements of the Mexicans of the upper class are the theatre and the Paseo or carriage promenade. The latter is thronged every day, between five and six, with carriages and riders; the carriages, many of them, very good, and well-appointed, but drawn mostly by mules, and, except on Sundays and feast-days, rendered ridiculous by the blackguard aspect of the servants. I have actually seen a handsome carriage, containing elegantly-dressed ladies, with a dirty rascal behind wearing a jacket, and with trowsers embellished by a vast aperture in the most conspicuous part of them. On the days I have mentioned, however, all the servants come out in livery; but from not knowing how to put it on or keep it clean, their appearance is not greatly improved. The Paseo might, with a little care, be made a pleasant place enough; but to reach it, one has to pass some horridly-odoriferous refuse heaps; and the drive itself is either drowned in mud or ankle-deep in dust. The watering part is done by convicts, whom I have seen chained together by the half-dozen, sluicing the road with water from buckets, as if it were the deck of a ship."

Should any of our readers feel inclined to pursue the route of our traveller, the following account of the inns he encountered may be serviceable, and induce preparation beforehand:—

"In travelling, as I was now doing, it is necessary to carry every thing with you that you may be likely to want. I did not know this when I left Guadalaxara, and fancied that by bringing my bed I had done all that was necessary. I found out, however, that knives, forks, washhand-basins, &c., were luxuries unknown on the road, and I was at first put to some straits for want of such ar-

ticles. On arriving at the Meson, or inn, which only professes to furnish food for the animals, you ask for a room, and are shown into a place with four brick or adobe walls, and containing a few boards placed on a frame; this is the bed. Possibly there may be a table, but never any more superfluous furniture. You ask what can be had for dinner, and, if possible, a fowl is caught and killed, if not, you must put up with eggs, always procurable, tortillas, (maize-cakes,) tomatoes, chiles, and frijoles, (beans.) Therefore let any of my friends who read this, and may be disposed to travel in Mexico, carry with them necessary supplies of every thing; chocolate alone excepted, which is always to be had.

"It is but justice, however, to say, that the servants you take with you, or mozos, are the most attentive fellows in the world, and will get you any thing that is to be had in the village, even at the sword's point, if necessary. They perform for their master of the time being, all the offices of valet, chambermaid, boots, waiter, and groom, and not unfrequently cook. As a whole, they are most honest and agreeable people, and if one is lucky, as I was, to meet with good mozos, they are invaluable."

These, however, are not the most serious unpleasantnesses to be looked for in Mexico. Jack Sheppards and highwaymen of every grade are reputed to be common. Our "Barrister" was so fortunate as not to meet with any brigand inclined "to take the law *off* him," though he had an occasional half-crown to pay for an escort; it was his fate, however, to see one villain unhanged, and another less lucky, shot. As his professional sympathies were roused in the former case, the scoundrel being a lawyer-cide, we think it not at all improbable that the precautions he adopted for eventually bringing about the regular course of justice, in however irregular and transatlantic a form, have before this taken effect.

"Before I left Tepic my attention was one day drawn to a ruffianly-looking fellow, holding his horse at the door of a house, and who, I was credibly informed, was known to have committed, it was said, twenty-five murders—at all events more than one. He had for some time been the leader of a band of robbers on the Guadalaxara road, and, whilst exercising his vocation in that quarter, had most wantonly cut the throats of a lawyer of that town, of his wife, and two or three children. The poor man was only going to spend his Sunday in the country, and had purposely left his purse at home; owing to which oversight he and his family were all killed by this villain out of mere spite. By pursuing this vocation some time the ruffian acquired a good deal of money, and retiring from public life, established himself as an honest soapboiler, in the neighborhood of Guadalaxara. An unlucky creditor called one day, whilst my friend was making soap, and requesting the settlement of his small account, was incontinently pitched into the boiler, and went the way of the 'poor workhouse boy.' For one, if not both of these murders, this villain was tried, and the crime clearly proved, but he showed the trying judges cogent reasons why he was not in a fit state to be shot, and he escaped accordingly. When I saw him with some others, nearly as bad as himself, he was about to proceed to California, where I hope he has been lynched long ago. If he has not, it is not my fault, as I gave his name and described his appearance and character to some worthy Yankees I subsequently met in an American steamer, and they promised to bear him in mind on their return to California.

"Justice, however, once in a way, does overtake some of them. I myself saw one man shot who had committed seven murders, and had been tried before; but then he was rich. Alas, in an evil hour when poor, he chopped up with his axe a passenger who wished to cross the Rio Santiago where he was ferryman. His comrade assisted at the murder, and afterwards turned Queen's, or I presume they would call it in Mexico, President's evidence; and the ferryman having no ready cash by him, was convicted. The culprit having passed the two previous days and nights in what is called capilla ardiente, having a priest always with him, was brought down to the common by the river, and a square being formed of mounted national guards, he was fastened in a sitting position to a cross placed against an adobe wall, and shot by a party of national guards. They fired within ten paces, and the man died at the first discharge, though they kept on firing as long as the least motion was perceptible. Comparatively very few people were present at this spectacle, and I saw one carriage containing ladies, which I thought would have been better away. Probably the lady reader may think, I should have staid away too. If it is any consolation to her, I arrived late and did not see the unfortunate man until unbound from the cross quite dead."

In these unromantic days every body is aware that dragons have ceased (except in pantomimes) to eat up common people and crunch the armor of knights. What they *do* live upon, now they are no longer cannibals, we were not sure of until we read the following authentic notice of the source of their nourishment in Mexico:—

"Whilst stopping here, Her Majesty's Consul started off with his rifle to have a shot at a venerable alligator which was basking in the sun on the sand by the side of an estero. The unfortunate brute had eaten his last dog, and died in two shots, both of which struck him full in the back and in the middle of the scales, though I had always understood these to be impenetrable. For my especial edification the beast was lazoed and dragged out of the water, to which he had retreated on receiving his death-wound. He was ten feet long, and furnished with a prodigious row of teeth, with which, in his death agonies, he nearly took off the leg of one of the mozos. My friend was waited upon by a deputation of ladies from the nearest village, who felicitated him upon destroying the venerable monster who for many months had lived upon their pet dogs."

How happy such an alligator would be in Regent Street!

If our "Barrister" travels again and writes another book, he would do well to keep notes, and also before he starts to acquire such a knowledge of natural history as would render his sporting propensities serviceable to science and more amusing to himself. Nor should he ramble through a land like Mexico without telling us more of the traces of its ancient inhabitants, and the localities rendered classical as the scenes of the wondrous exploits of the old conquerors and their leader, Cortes, the most chivalrous of adventurers.

From "Tait's Magazine."

SAINT PETER'S EVE.

"The sun is high, my Gianni, why
So late a-bed dost 'bide?
Thy line or net the meal should get
We share at eventide."

"Nay, mother, peace! Thy chiding cease!
I never idly played;
Nor pride nor sloth could make me loath
To ply my father's trade.

"But strangers roam from distant home
To scour the winding bay;
They ply amain their mighty seine,
And sweep the fish away.

"Nor net of mine, nor hook and line,
Our scanty meal can win;
Yet toil I long past evensong,
And with the day begin."

"Luck comes at last—go, make a cast,
In good St. Peter's name!
For in the sea good fish there be
As ever from it came."

Young Gianni strove—young Gianni hove
The leaded net with might,
And to his wish, the silvery fish
Came up to land and light.

His luck had changed. No boatmen ranged
The bay to make him grieve;
Their fishing ceased, with song and feast
They kept St. Peter's eve.

Again he strove, his net he hove,
Again the deep to spoil;
And, lo! a maid her steps hath stayed,
To watch the fisher's toil.

Her garments were both rich and rare,
But hung in disarray;
Her face was fair, but cark and care
Had chased the bloom away.

"Madonna, why that tearful eye,
That lovely cheek so pale?
Those tresses rare of golden hair,
Why float they in the gale?"

"My peace is fled—my love is dead,
In fatal tourney slain!
'Twere bliss to die, for never I
Shall see his like again!"

"Madonna, dry that tearful eye,
In good St. Peter's name!
For in the sea good fish there be
As ever from it came."

The lady smiled; of woe beguiled,
Her loss she better brook'd;
For well she knew the proverb true,
On Gianni when she look'd.

And Gianni sued, and Gianni wooed,
And knelt upon the sand:
Away she turn'd her face that burn'd,
But not her lily hand.

That lily hand, her love, and land,
He won before 'twas dark;
At noon, the fish came to his wish—
At eventide, the clerk.

And well he thrives who hopes and strives
With courage still the same;
For in the sea good fish there be
As ever from it came.

From "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

GAS-LIGHT—ITS INVENTORS AND IMPROVERS.

We believe that the daily applications of science to economic purposes would excite a greater degree of interest, and attract the attention of a larger portion of the commu nity, if the nature and history of such dis

coveries were more familiarly known. In this remark we do not refer to discoveries in science, properly so speaking; these require, to be appreciated, a certain acquaintance with the subject to which they belong, which is perhaps only possessed by those who have seriously engaged in its study. To the purely scientific investigator, the attainment of knowledge is the aim, and the discovery of a new fact or principle is his reward. Such men are the pioneers in the march towards physical improvement, though they may be themselves unconscious of their mission; and the facts which they are the means of bringing to light, while they possess a special value in as far as they contribute to the extension of knowledge for its own sake, have also a special interest for those who devote themselves to such acquirements. It is not in this light, however, that we regard them at present. Apart from the special importance to which we have alluded, the facts of science are often fraught with valuable applications to the useful arts, which may not happen to be followed out to this end by the cultivator of science alone: the economic powers which they contain are often left to be trained into service by more practical men, who are usually stimulated to the task, as well perhaps for their own profit as for the benefit of the public.

It is a common saying that great discoveries are often made gradually, the progress of knowledge leading slowly but surely towards them; and the remark is peculiarly applicable to many of the useful arts. A happy arrangement is often attained at last, not so much by the labors of one individual, as by a succession of inventors, to whom it is difficult to apportion the credit which each may justly claim. To illustrate these views, and with the hope of exciting the interest of our readers in a subject of considerable social importance, we propose to lay before them a short account of the history of gas-making, to which our own attention has recently been directed, by a process which promises to be a valuable contribution towards the cheap production and an extended use of this useful article.

The first notice of the artificial production of an inflammable air from coal is to be found in a letter from the Rev. Dr. John Clayton of Kildare to the Hon. Robert Boyle, who died in the year 1691. In this letter, published in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1739, he states that he distilled coal in a close vessel, and obtained abundance of gas, which he collected in bladders, and afterwards burnt for the amusement of his friends. Other experimenters, among whom Bishop Watson is conspicuous, ("Chemical Essays,") confirmed Dr. Clayton's discovery; and the properties of coal-gas, and the method of preparing it, thus became well known to chemists.

The idea of applying this air for purposes of illumination seems to have first occurred to Mr. Murdoch—an engineer residing at Redruth in Cornwall.* In the year 1792 he commenced a series of experiments on the gases obtained by the action of heat upon coal, wood, peat, and other inflammable substances, and actually prepared coal-gas on a scale sufficiently large to light up his own house and office. Five years after, while living at Cumnock in Ayrshire, he again erected a coal-gas apparatus. In 1798 he was engaged to put up his apparatus at the manufactory of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, Soho, near Birmingham, where he continued to experiment, with occasional interruptions, until the year 1802. It does not appear, however, that much attention was excited by these first efforts at gas-lighting, except among a very few scientific individuals, until the general illumination at the Peace of Amiens afforded opportunity for a more public display. On this occasion the front of the manufactory was brilliantly lighted up by the new method, and it at once attracted the wonder and admiration of every one who saw it. "All Birmingham poured forth to view the spectacle; and strangers carried to every part of the country an account of what they had seen. It was spread about everywhere by the newspapers; easy modes of making gas were described; and coal was distilled in tobacco-pipes at the fireside all over the kingdom."

By the exertions of a Mr. Winsor, a company was formed for supplying London with gas; but it struggled for many years with the difficulties at once of inexperience and public prejudice, and was a cause of loss to

* Mr Murdoch was a native of Scotland. There is a good full-sized portrait of him in the halls of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.—Ed.

many individuals. This is the less to be wondered at, as the coal-gas first produced was not in a state of great purity: it was injurious to many articles of furniture, and to wares exposed in shops, and it had a very disagreeable smell. In course of time, however, methods have been devised, by the joint labors of the chemist and practical engineer, to remove nearly all its noxious and disagreeable qualities; and now the whole apparatus for making gas and the mode of its purification seem to be so perfect in well-constructed gas-works, that it is doubtful whether much remains to be done either in simplifying the processes or improving the quality of the product *from coal.*

The following is a brief and general statement of the process by which the best coal-gas is made:—Cannel or parrot-coal is quickly shovelled into a red-hot cylinder of iron or clay, and the mouth of the cylinder being closed by an appropriate lid, the vapors which instantly arise from the coal are carried away by a wide tube which passes from the cylinder into a series of vessels, where the mixed product is cooled, and loses much condensible matter: thus partially purified, the gas still contains sulphureous, and other vapors, which, if allowed to remain, would give it a very nauseous smell, and tarnish paint and metallic surfaces wherever it was burnt. To remove these impurities, it is subjected, in some gas-works, to dilute sulphuric acid, which separates ammonia; but it is mainly purified by quicklime, contained in a series of vessels, through which it is made to pass; and being thus cleared from all sulphureous gases, it flows on to the gasometer, where it is stored for use.

The change from all the older modes of illumination to the employment of coal-gas was certainly a very remarkable one, whether we look to the novelty of the method or to the brilliancy and economy of the light; yet it has only stimulated to the search for better methods and greater economy, and few arts have produced so many inventions in so short a time, or led to so great an expenditure in patents. It was a very natural step from the production of gas from coal to attempt to make it from oil, and it was not long before oil-gas appeared to compete with the other. The advantages claimed for the new gas were the simplicity of its preparation, for no purifiers were required; it could have no noxious qualities not equally pertaining to oil-lamps or candles; it gave a more brilliant light, and took longer time to burn, than an equal bulk of coal-gas. All these merits, however, though justly belonging to it, have not enabled it to compete with the superior economy of its progenitor, and oil-gas may be now considered to be in disuse.

The gases which have been spoken of, whether from coal or oil, are not simple or uncompounded airs; they both consist of an air called hydrogen in combination with charcoal. When pure hydrogen is burned, it gives a very feeble light; but if a small portion of an incombustible substance be held in its flame, such as a piece of thin platinum wire, the wire becomes heated to whiteness, and is strongly luminous: it is said to be incandescent. In a common gas flame the charcoal is separated from the hydrogen before it is consumed; and thus losing its gaseous form, it exists for an instant in the condition of minute solid particles suspended in the flame. This fact, first explained by Sir Humphry Davy, can be made apparent by the introduction of the edge of a white plate into the burning gas. If the plate be thrust into the lowest part of the jet where the flame is blue, it will not be stained, because the charcoal is still in the gaseous state; but if it be raised to the middle of the flame, where the light is brilliant, it is instantly coated with charcoal. In accordance with these facts, it is seen that heated particles of charcoal are the source of light emitted from coal-gas; and as the luminosity of incandescent bodies is greater as the heat is more intense, an increase of light should be obtained by increasing the temperature of a flame by more rapid combustion—an object which is in so far effected in the Argand and other improved burners.

As early as about the beginning of the present century, Dr. Thomas Young in London, and Dr. Ure in Glasgow, (1806,) introduced a jet of oxygen (the great supporter of combustion) into the interior of the flame of a lamp, and thereby produced a more rapid combustion and an increase of light.

In 1838 and 1839 patents were taken by Mr. G. Gurney for a similar method of burn-

ing an Argand oil-lamp, and also for coal-gas. This light, commonly attributed to him, takes its name from his residence in Cornwall, and is called the Bude Light. Mr. Gurney also improved the London coal-gas for his lamp, by passing it through a vessel of naphtha, a vaporizable substance abounding in charcoal; and he finally obtained a light of so great brilliancy, that for flames of equal size it was twelve times more luminous than ordinary gas. Unfortunately, the Bude light is troublesome to manage, and expensive; and though it has been tried by the Trinity Board with a view to its introduction in light-houses, and was used for some time to light up the House of Commons, we believe that it has been abandoned in both cases, and its expense is likely to prevent it from being ever generally adopted.

The principle of an incandescent solid body being the main source of the luminosity of flame, is beautifully apparent in another intense light, obtained by directing a stream of mixed oxygen and hydrogen gases upon lime or clay. It was first noticed by Dr. Hare of Philadelphia, who used clay as the incandescent substance; but lime was subsequently employed at the suggestion of Mr. Gurney, and it is now usually called the Lime-ball Light. The flame of the mixed gases which contain no solid matter is scarcely visible; but the heat is intense, and the lime at so high a temperature is almost too brilliant for the eye to look upon. It has been proposed to use the lime-ball as a miniature sun, where one powerful lamp might supersede a great number of ordinary lights; but it is not easily managed, and, like the Bude light, it is expensive.

Of late years experimenters in gas-making have mainly directed their attention towards new methods for procuring it at a cheaper rate than its present cost. And the easy preparation of hydrogen gas from water, long known to chemists, has especially pointed to it as a basis for their operations. Water, which is a compound of two gases—oxygen and hydrogen—is decomposed at a red heat both by iron and charcoal. If steam, for instance, be forced through a mass of red-hot iron filings, its oxygen is retained by the iron, and its hydrogen, which is an inflammable gas, passes off by itself. If, again, steam be passed through a quantity of red-hot charcoal or coke, it is equally decomposed; but in this case its oxygen is not retained; it forms gaseous compounds with the charcoal, which come over along with the hydrogen. In both cases the resulting gases will burn—but they give a very feeble light. In fact the *water gases*, as we may call them, cannot give much light, from their deficiency in charcoal, which we have already shown to be the great source of light in ordinary flame. On the other hand, there are many substances of no great value which, when heated, abound in vapors rich in charcoal—such are coal-tar, naphtha, resin, turpentine, &c.—but they deposit a great quantity of their charcoal when exposed to a decomposing temperature, and cannot be profitably converted into gas. Now if the water or other gases deficient in charcoal, and the tar or resin vapors holding it in excess, could be combined together, the probability is great that they would produce a gas of good illuminating power, and at a cheaper rate also than it can be manufactured from coal.

Viewing this problem theoretically, the chemist has some reason to doubt the facility of solving it; yet he is aware that otherwise improbable unions do take place when bodies meet each other in what may be called a nascent condition. And it is possible so to present the water gases and the resin vapors to each other. Next to the first experiments by which coal-gas was brought into notice, we regard this era in the history of gas-making as the most interesting, and will therefore plead no excuse for narrating a number of its inventions. They may be regarded in four different groups—namely, those in which coal-gas is sought to be improved by the addition of carboniferous vapors; where the water gases are treated in the same way; where inferior gases are produced at the same time with the vapor of tar and resin; and finally, where the water gases are brought into contact, at a red heat, with the vapors forming from tar, resins, or oils. Mr. Gurney's method of improving the London coal-gas for the Bude burner is an example of the first; and had the union of the gas with the naphtha vapor been permanent, the feat would have been accomplished. But the naphtha vapor is liable to be condensed into a liquid, and the improved gas cannot be passed through any great length of pipe. A patent was taken for a similar

plan, however, in 1842, with what success we are not acquainted. In the second group we may rank a process by M. Jobard, which he invented in 1833, and laid before the Royal Academy of Brussels, who reported favorably on it in the beginning of 1834. It appears to have consisted in the production of gases from water, which were simply passed through liquid naphtha, so as to take up a portion of its vapor. In 1845 Mr. J. Constable obtained a patent for producing gas by throwing steam upon anthracite coal at a red heat, and afterwards passing the mixed gas, with a certain portion of common air, through turpentine, to improve its luminosity. The same process, we believe, or a very similar one, was reproduced very lately in America, and had for a short time a considerable notoriety in the public prints. In all these cases the gases sought to be improved can only obtain a mechanical mixture of the vapors which increase their light; and as even the best coal or oil gases soon deteriorate when kept, it is not to be expected that such condensible vapors as those of naphtha or turpentine should remain with the gases which have imbibed with them, especially if the temperature is lowered. The third group includes a process patented by Mr. Cobold in 1838, in which he produced gas fit for illumination by distilling peat saturated with coal-tar; and a patent process by J. C. Robertson in 1848, in which he proposes to distill a mixture of resin, sawdust, and some alkaline matters, passes the vapors over red-hot surfaces, and thereby produces, among other products, a gas fit for illumination. In the last group we include a second process by M. Jobard, which he appears to have invented soon after his experiments in 1833. He caused the gases formed by passing steam upon red-hot coke to come in contact with the vapors arising from resinous substances in a heated cylinder; his invention was sold by him for 10,000 francs to an individual in Paris, who passed it off as his own, and not only received for it gold medals from the Society of Encouragement and the Academy of Industry, but was in 1839 about to obtain the cross of the Legion of Honor, when the fraud was discovered.

In 1839 a patent was granted in England to M. de val Marino, for a process essentially if not actually, the same as Jobard's. The apparatus of this patent consisted in three upright cylinders filled with coke in small pieces, and brought to a bright red heat; water was allowed to drop into one of them, coal-tar into another, and the products from both were brought into contact in the third, from which the gas was led off in pipes. The quantity of water introduced, compared with the tar, was made a matter of calculation, but in practice it was regulated by the workman superintending the process, who had a small burner as a test of the quality of his product, and could increase or diminish the quantity of either ingredient according to its indications. Practically and economically this method has proved a failure owing to carbonic acid in the water gases, and sulphurous vapors given out by the coke—which greatly injured the illuminating power—and more especially from the tar in the second retort producing so rapid an incrustation around the coke, as speedily to destroy its decomposing power, and prevent all egress of gas through it. In 1845 a patent was taken by Mr. J. Murdoch for a method of bringing the gases from water decomposed by coke in contact with the products distilling from coal and coal-tar, and thereby producing an improved gas; and another very ingenious process, for a similar end, was patented by Mr. Croll in 1848. In 1847 Mr. Stephen White of Manchester took a patent for what he calls hydro-carbon gas; and in 1849, secured by another patent various improvements in the manufacture of this and other gases for illuminating and heating purposes. His process differs from that of Jobard and Val-de-Marino principally in his substituting wood-charcoal and iron turnings for coke, and in a very improved form of apparatus. Mr. White decomposes the carbonic acid in the water gases by causing them to pass through red-hot iron turnings, previous to their contact with the resin vapors. Water is made to drop into the top of a red-hot upright cylinder, the upper part of which is filled with wood-charcoal, and the lower part with scrap iron or iron turnings; the water is decomposed by the charcoal before it meets the iron through which the newly-formed gases must also pass to arrive at the exit-pipe; they are then conveyed into a horizontal cylinder, also at a red heat, in which they meet with the carboniferous va-

pors arising from the decomposition of a small stream of melted resin or coal-tar, and (it is asserted) combine with them so as to form a permanent and highly-luminous gas. We have not ourselves seen or examined this gas, but we know it to be the opinion of individuals who have done so, and are apparently competent to decide the question, that an actual union is effected, and its applicability to all purposes of illumination in which coal-gas could be used is no longer a matter of speculation or opinion, but of fact. The towns of Southport in Lancashire, and Ruthin in Wales, are lighted up by it; and it has been for some time in use in a large factory in Manchester, and in several private establishments in different places.

The main superiority of this kind of gas over that which is produced from coal is its greater cheapness. One hundred weight of resin, which may be bought, including an estimate for carriage, for three or four shillings, is said to produce not less than from 1800 to 2000 feet of gas, yielding at the same time a residual oil equal to half the value of the resin; and the other materials, exclusive of the cost of fuel for heating the apparatus, may be had for a few pence. One individual, who lights up a large hotel in Harrowgate with this gas, states that he fills his gasometer, containing 1100 cubic feet, at a cost of thirteen pence for the gas-yielding materials—a price far below that for which he could get the same amount of gas from coals. In addition to its greater cheapness, this gas is also estimated by competent judges to be superior to the best coal-gas in brilliancy as well as durability; and it possesses several great advantages over coal, which will render it especially desirable for private establishments—namely, the smaller bulk and easier management of the apparatus, as well as its freedom from the offensive smells so characteristic of a coal-gas manufactory. In conclusion, we may observe that we have made particular mention of Mr. White's apparatus, in connection with what appears to be a great improvement in gas-making, because we believe that it exhibits the principle reduced at last to a simple and an efficient working condition; and we have the greater pleasure in lending our assistance to its publicity, for this reason, that while we are interested in every invention which promises to minister to the wants, or to increase the comfort of the community, we regard the cheaper production of light not only in this view, but as a powerful aid towards the moral and intellectual improvement of the industrious classes.

From "Howitt's Journal."

GEORGE BORROW.

"Do I look a person," said I, "likely to keep company with gipsies?"

The national measured me from top to toe, and then looked me full in the face with an expression which seemed to say "likely enough."

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN: chap. x.

ONE had need to be cautious in saying any thing about Mr. George Borrow—for if his be the pen of a ready writer, so also is his the fist of a hard and ready hitter. It would not be pleasant were he seen making his way with a stout blackthorn stick towards the office of this journal, and asking to speak with the editor. A gentleman that can give "Mr. Petulengro," as good as he takes, and can stand up with a stout heart against the "flaming tinman" himself, is not to be sneezed at by an unwarlike scribbler. It will, therefore, be our bounden interest, as it is our cordial inclination, to be courteous while in his presence, and to say nothing rashly which a cudgelling from the "tall, dark, gray man" might make us repent at leisure.

Is, then, the author of *The Bible in Spain* so very formidable a person? Well, reader, if we are to judge by his own report—and we have no manner of desire for more tangible, palpable proof—we should say that he is. Time may have chastened and mellowed down the combativeness of his young blood, but he is still a warm admirer of the ring, and apostrophizes Tom Spring with glowing affection. There is less of the *suaviter in modo* than of the *fortiter in re* about Mr. Borrow; his motto from childhood to middle age has seemed to be, *nemo me impune lacessit*. He will not think discourteous a description, for the drawing of which his own books furnish such ample data. It is his apparent wish to impress upon all his readers a firm conviction of the sturdy self-sufficingness, the consummate

independence, the anti-conventional egotism, the cherished eccentricity, of their author. He is nothing if not original, and perhaps studies to be so till he overshoots his mark, and becomes a second-hand copy of himself. When he condescends to address the public, it must be done abruptly, unconnectedly, half-scoffingly; the beginning of one chapter must have no manner of affinity to the close of its predecessor—must not be born in the ordinary course of nature—but must spring forth a panoplied Pallas-Athene from the teeming brow of the great Zeus; curiosity must be excited in a certain narrative, not to be gratified, but to be tantalized within an inch of its life, till it dies of sheer exhaustion—interest must be aroused in behalf of this and that character, not to be rewarded and sustained, but to be peremptorily and summarily dismissed. It is a wonder that with such an abhorrence of customary routes in composition, he should have retained a style so generally clear and straightforward. His love for the English of Daniel Defoe may have much to do with this; for to the author of *Robinson Crusoe* he avows obligations which may almost merit the words of Dante to Virgil:

> "Tu se' lo mio maestro, e'l mio autore:
> Tu se' solo colui, da cu' io tolsi
> Lo belle stelle, che m'ha fatto honore."*

Except where he launches into a digressive fitful mood, and is lavish of hyphens and asterisks, he discourses in a manly, hearty style that does one good in days of spasms and convulsions. He is a sworn foe to cant, by his own emphatic assurance; and is prouder of old English ways than is now the fashion. If he has his prejudices, he does not hide their glare under a bushel, but bids the world examine and cross-examine them as she will, and expose them if she can. Like his fathers, he hates "papistry" with all his soul, and he loves pugilism with all his strength; on his mother's side he has the Huguenot blood that boiled over at the edict of Nantes, and on his father's side he has the Cornish muscle that makes such doughty wrestlers of the race of Tres, Pens, and Pols. Verily, Mr. Borrow would seem to have grounds for a little arrogance, when one considers his qualifications, mental and physical. His acquaintance with divers tongues, and his easy mastery of new ones, mark him a scholar of peculiar genius—his reputation as a philologist has long been the talk of those whom it concerns, while his daring spirit of enterprise, his unflinching perseverance in the path of difficult duty, his *nonchalance* amid perils of an *outré* order, his tact as a controversialist both by word and blow, his colloquial ease and reckless bearing among the outcasts of society at home and abroad—London pickpockets or Spanish cut-throats—all these are proverbial matters. Nor will the edge of the proverb be dulled by his last publication—*Lavengro, i. e.*, master of languages.

Lavengro is an amphibious production—a cross between fact and fiction—a compound of biography and reverie—a debatable ground of doings and dreamings. There are other books of the same indefinite and composite order; but probably in none of them is the veil of separation between real and unreal so provokingly dim. Mr. Borrow appears to wish to puzzle—to do it with *malice prepense*—or rather to be utterly and sublimely indifferent as to how and for what we poor mortals take him. We like him and his book none the better for this high-flying superiority to ordinary rules of art. Nevertheless, it is of more than every-day interest. Many are the characters that flit to and fro on the surface of this "magic mirror;" and although some appear but for a little time, *punctum temporis*—and then vanish away—all have certain life-like traces about them, enlisting our interest in their brief-timed present, albeit coming we know not whence, and going we know not whither. There is the old "man with the bag," (who forms a study like Wordsworth's leech-gatherer on the lonely moor,) groping amid furze and scrubby bramble-bushes for vipers, the fat of which he uses for unguents, "good for various sore troubles, and especially for the rheumatism;" and who describes in such expressive style his rencounter one sultry day with the king of the vipers, who came upon the old man unawares for presuming to meddle with his people. There is wild Davy Haggart, whom we first see tearing

* *Inferno:* Canto I. In Cary's translation
"My master thou and guide!
Thou he from whom alone I have derived
That style which for its beauty, into fame
Exalts me."

down the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, burning to take a share, or rather the lead, in a stone-throwing "bicker" between the Auld Toon and the New; and then seated on the extreme verge of the precipice on the southern side of that hill, musing on William Wallace, and meditating how to win a name and a fame like *his;* and then, alas, writing his strange wild autobiography in the condemned cell of a Scotch prison! There is the Clonmel Orangeman, with his racy flattery and admiration of the Protestant military. There is Murtagh, the restless Papist "gasoon," with his love of card-playing, and of Brian Boroo. There is the banished French priest, who teaches "languages" at ladies' schools, who prides himself on his personal superiority over an illustrious exile of former days: "*Ma foi, il y a beaucoup de différence entre moi et ce sacré de Dante!*" There is Jasper the Petulengro, (horse-shoe master,) the Pharaoh of his gipsy tribe—a peculiar favorite with our Zincali-loving author. There is the old teacher of German, by whom is apparently meant no less a person than W. Taylor of Norwich, tracing the philosophy of the Germans to their tobacco; and discoursing in so very Germanic a mode upon questions moral and metaphysical, upon the Sorrows of Werther, and suicide, and the Bible, and Gibbon, and Schiller, and truth itself. There is the jolly red-faced magistrate, who, *ex officio*, has to refuse a site on his estate for a pugilistic encounter, while as a man, it goes to his heart to deny any thing to the "bruisers" and the noble art of boxing. There is Mr. Francis Ardry, "frank and ardent" as his name, with his handsome Irish countenance, and his impatience of guardians' control. There is the old applewoman on London-bridge, who worships De Foe's "blessed Mary Flanders," and initiates *Lavengro* (a promising catechumen enough!) in pecuniary slang. There is the bookseller and author, who provides our hero with literary employment, at the rate of fifty pounds for six volumes of Newgate lives and trials; each volume to contain one thousand pages at the least, and the writer to pay for whatever books, papers, and manuscripts he may find necessary for the compilation. (This very repulsive personage, who is a vegetarian in diet, a republican in politics, and a coarse tyrant in private life, is said to be meant for Sir Richard Philips.) The latter section of this autobiography—which is greatly inferior to the first volume, and which has a *book-making* look about it, little in character with the time that elapsed before its publication, and the eager expectancy fostered in the public mind by bibliopolic diplomacy—further introduces us to a money-getting irritable Armenian merchant; a painter of the heroic, poor ill-starred Haydon; a psychological phenomenon in the shape of a rich author, whose story is detailed with a rare tone of reality; a reverend Mr. Platitude, done to the life, without being done to death; Peter Williams, the Welch Methodist preacher, and Winifred his winsome *cara sposa;* Belle, or Isobelle Berners, of the stalwart arm, and fearless temper, and trusty heart; with whom it is time our catalogue should end.

How well Mr. Borrow can paint a scene from nature, may be seen in his description of Elvir Hill—suffused as it is with a haze of mysticism—or the Cove of Cork, and circuit of the "Devil's Mountain," where he enjoyed the inspiration of a "first ride" on a gallant Irish cob, or the journey to Stonehenge and its environs. His command of vigorous narrative is exhibited in almost every page; take for examples of his vivacious fluency—colored at times with a deep hue of pensive earnestness not a little affecting—the account of his first acquaintance with De Foe's immortal Crusoe, ("a book," he says, "which has exerted over the minds of Englishmen an influence certainly greater than any other of modern times:"*) and the interview with the gipsy parents of Jasper (wherein, however, the tame viper plays so melodramatically the rôle of *deus ex machinâ*)—and the pugnacious experiences connected with the high school at Edinburgh—and the "catching a tartar" *raid* of honest Sergeant Bagg against turbulent outlawed Jerry Grant—and the dark feeling of mysterious dread, endured by a nerve-shattered invalid, which "the lamp of reason,

* From *Robinson Crusoe*, Mr. Borrow considers that the most luxuriant and fertile of our modern prose writers have drunk inspiration—and to the spirit of strange and romantic enterprise which it tends to awaken, England (in his judgment) owes many of her astonishing discoveries both by sea and land, and no inconsiderable part of her naval glory. See his enthusiastic *éloge* of Defoe in *Lavengro*, vol. i, p. 39.

though burning bright the while, is unable to dispel," "a dread of he knows not what, and there the horror lies," and the death-bed of a brave old father, described with impressive reality and fine touches of nature—and the transit of Byron's funeral along Tottenham-court-road—and a *coup d'œil* of Greenwich fair in its palmy prime—and a lonely gossip with a quaint shepherd within a Druid's circle at Stonehenge—and an encampment with roving Methodists on the borders of Wales—and a serious game at fisticuffs with the "Flaming Tinman" in a wild recess—and a thunder-storm in the same retreat, known on the roads as Mumper's Dingle. Powerful writing there is in these and other episodes of the work; but we feel as we read on, that the work itself is but a string of episodes, hanging together as best they may. Unity of design is wanting; chapter does not answer to chapter; we seem to be perusing a reprint of clever but isolated magazine sketches, of which each must by its own merits stand or fall.

Mr. Borrow's former works prepared the public for something capricious in the long-promised autobiography. By his former works we mean *The Zincali*, and *The Bible in Spain;* for of his other writings, announced in *Lavengro*, such as the translation of Ab Gwillym, contributions to a certain Oxford *Review*, Memoirs of Newgate Worthies, and *Life of Joseph Sell*, we are at present, and under those titles, ignorant in the superlative degree. *The Zincali* appeared ten years ago, and met with an encouraging reception—the spirit of which (interpreted by Mr. Borrow himself) was to this effect; that "Don Jorge" ought not to believe all he heard, nor think that he had accomplished any thing so very extraordinary—a great portion of his work being very sorry trash indeed—gipsy poetry, dry laws, and compilations from dull Spanish authors; but that the book had good points, which showed his capability of something much better; and that it was his duty to try his hand again, avoid his besetting sins, and accomplish something which would really do credit to Albemarle-street.* This first production proved what manner of man he was, and involved the one topic which feeds his ruling passion, to wit, gipsy life. There he was at home then, and there he lingers still—nothing else inspires him with equal animation—nowhere else is he so dashing, so piquant, so genial. He reached the height of his argument—*Rommany*—in his first essay: nor has he soared higher since.

The Bible in Spain was a memorable keepsake for the Christmas firesides of 1842. It was more sprightly and discursive and eventful than its forerunner, but the staple interest was the same—gipsy life.

The *Edinburgh Review* welcomed "Don Jorge" as something betwixt Le Sage and Bunyan, and the *Examiner* hailed him as another Gil Blas. O the moving accidents, the most disastrous chances, the hair-breadth escapes, the imprisonments, watchings, fastings, of this indefatigable but nondescript missionary! Surely the Bible Society never had his duplicate on her list of agents. "With respect to my poor labors," he modestly says, "I wish here to observe, that I accomplished very little, and that I lay claim to no brilliant successes and triumphs; indeed I was sent into Spain more to explore the country, and to ascertain how far the minds of the people were prepared to receive the truths of Christianity, than for any other object; I obtained, however, permission from the Spanish government to print an edition of the sacred volume at Madrid, which I subsequently circulated in that capital and in the provinces."† How he sped in a task so full of labor and so sure of fierce and subtle opposition in a country like Spain, he relates with a minute gusto and picturesque skill that tickle the taste of nearly all readers, be they coarse or fastidious—novel-devouring misses or pedantic philosophers. To all appearance this work will continue—whatever else he may write—the corner-stone of his fame.

* See preface to the second edition of *The Zincali*, (1843.)

From "Howitt's Journal."

AN INCIDENT OF INDIAN LIFE.

In the year 1848 I found myself travelling through the Mysorean country of Seringapatam, so familiar to every reader of Indian history, for the rapid rise of that crafty but talented Asiatic, Hyder Ali—

† Preface to *The Bible in Spain*.

otherwise known amongst his countrymen by the title of "Hyder Naigne," (Naigne, be it understood, is the Indian word for "corporal.")

It is a circumstance not entirely devoid of singularity, that the greatest Gallic and Asiatic warriors of their day should share the same *sobriquet*, and that the son of the one and the other in person should subsequently, in measuring their strength with the English, be encountered and overthrown in such dissimilar situations by the "hero of a hundred fights." Unlike Napoleon, Hyder Naigne derived his cognomen with some degree of consistency, having at one period filled only the subordinate situation of corporal in the then rajah of Mysore's service. But though destitute of the commonest elements of education, so surprising were his natural abilities, that, by eastern chicanery and undaunted bravery, he at length succeeded in deposing the reigning Hindoo dynasty, and establishing himself and the Mahometan faith paramount in the country. Never did the English encounter a more active, determined, and formidable foe in Hindostan than this restless infidel; and at no period before or since was British India nearer tottering to its foundation. Providence at length interposed, and, much to our safety and satisfaction, transported the wily chieftain from his career of conquest and inhumanity, to revel—according to the orthodox koran—in the smiles of the blue maids of paradise, his son Tippoo succeeding him, (whose name signifies in the vernacular tongue "tiger.") Though destitute of his father's military talents, he manifested all the sanguinary disposition of his carnivorous relation, and was at length slain at the storming of his capital by an English grenadier, who is supposed to have secured a rich booty from the jewels usually worn on his person.

I had been reflecting as I passed through the country on the warlike exploits and barbarous cruelties by which it has been disfigured, and on the short space of time in which, from the first settlement by a few enterprising merchants at Surat, in the year 1612, we had, either by force or diplomacy, possessed ourselves of the entire territory from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya mountains; and, by an anomaly of which history furnishes no parallel, holding and enforcing our authority in great measure by means of the very natives and troops we have conquered, and who now lend themselves to enslave their own country, and rivet the shackles of bondage on their fatherland. I asked myself the question—was the time approaching when our fame, colonies, and possessions, would be among the things that were? would they in process of development be swept away before some nation not yet cradled, or only in its infancy; or—proving an exception to the whole experience of ages—would they remain imperishably great and renowned till the final dissolution of nature?

Bewildered at last with these reflections, I left my palanquin; and, walking forward, with a Manton across my shoulder, accompanied by a Coolie carrying a double-barrelled rifle, was soon busily engaged peering into the thick grass and underwood that lay on each side of the path, intent only on scattering destruction amongst some innocent and tender little bipeds, with the laudable desire of furnishing some trifling addition to natural history, and a distant hope of perhaps securing a shot amongst a herd of deer faintly discernible in the outline.

In the incautious pursuit of a wild bear that had crossed my path, I at length found myself in the midst of a dense jungle—not the most secure position in the world, with only a single ebony gentleman at your side—for on the least indication of danger, this representative of Lucifer judiciously prefers present safety to future reputation, and performs a retrograde movement with undignified rapidity, leaving you alone to apologize for your intrusion to a brute that cannot be persuaded to adopt polite manners, but evinces an unmistakable desire to exhibit his gratitude for your visit by a passionate and unceremonious embrace. The tendency of long ages of lost liberty and slavish superstition to produce national degradation is forcibly exemplified in the lower castes of the natives, who may truthfully be said to have acquired all the vices of their various conquerors, without any of their redeeming qualities.

To return:—tired at last with my exertions, and the intensity of the heat, I dispatched my sable attendant in quest of that peculiar Indian luxury, the palanquin; and

looking round for some sheltered spot to await its coming up, perceived a wide-spreading banyan-tree. Trusting to its friendly shelter, I was soon stretched beneath a canopy of densely-clustered foliage, sufficient to exclude all direct rays of the solar star; and, lighting one of my best Indian pipes, resigned myself to what Brother Jonathan terms a "tarnation smoke."

The scene before me was such as that which Johnson in one of his rich and genial moods would delight to portray—the image of beauty reposing in the lap of sublimity was never more aptly applied. The sun had attained its culminating point, and was showering down its fervid rays with a scorching influence; not a breath stirred the forest air: all was hushed in repose, and silent as the last breathings of the departing soul—while a foreboding sensation o'ershadowed the whole, as that beautiful couplet in Campbell's "Lochiel" ominously crowded on my memory.

> "'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before."

I could not account for the oppressive silence, for often before had I reclined at the foot of some forest giant, and experienced widely different feelings; all here seemed indescribably grand and ennobling. The various tribes of baboons, monkeys, and apes, screeching, chattering, and grinning overhead, anon leaping from tree to tree, luxuriating in all the enjoyment of freedom and revelry; while the jay, the parrot, the peacock, with minor and sweeter minstrels in every splendid variety of tropical plumage, might be seen soaring or darting amidst the foliage of forest verdure, combined with the beauty and number of parasitical plants and wild flowers. Such a scene of loveliness and life had often enraptured me, till a second Eden seemed realized; when, as if its aspect were too beautiful for sinful earth, the illusion was dissipated on observing the slender and graceful form of a snake gliding swiftly in mazy folds through the long grass—by that curious association of ideas, suggesting at once the primal fall, and the probable vicinity of a cobra couched on the branch of a tree overhead, whose color so closely approximates its tinge, that it is almost impossible, without careful scrutiny, to detect its presence, and if unconsciously disturbed in its leafy cradle, the oscillation is resented by darting its poisoned fang in the invader's face. These insidious foes, and the probability of a struggle with some carnivorous denizen of the glen, suggest strong doubts as to the security of your woodland abode, and damp the pleasure the scene otherwise might afford. And thus surely do we find that, in nature as in life, under the most lovely and entrancing aspects often lurk the most seductive and deadly influences. The prospect loses nothing at night, when effulgent with the pensive moonbeams, and the myriads of fire-flies like living stars broke loose from the dominion of old night, delighted with their new-found liberty, and dancing in a perfect jubilee of joyous light through the embowering arcades, illuminating every note of forest life: and on the one side is heard the amorous roar of the antelope's midnight suitor, as pending to the crashing march of the gregarious elephant; and on the other, the nightly concert of a pack of jackals, resembling so closely the music of those "delightful" babies, that it is only by continuous rehearsals the ear can receive them with indifference—render the whole indescribably magnificent, though rather trying to delicate nerves.

All such sublimity and active life, however, were now absent; not a living creature was to be seen, and actuated by some indefinable impulse, I involuntarily clutched my rifle. Scarcely had I done so, when an agonizing shriek re-echoed through the forest; rushing in the direction, I encountered a sight that struck me with horror and dismay—for a moment I stood paralyzed!

A Brahmin, with his wife and only daughter, were making a pilgrimage to the banks of the sacred Ganges. With the characteristic indifference of their caste, they had incautiously halted in the midst of the jungle to cook some rice. The little girl, while the mother was occupied in preparing the frugal meal, had thoughtlessly wandered into the long grass in quest of some gaudy insect flitting past: on a sudden, the father, who had thrown himself on the ground to snatch a few moments' repose, was aroused by the screams of his child, and, regaining his feet, perceived a full-grown cheetah in the act of springing on his tender girl. To see, and rush to her rescue,

armed only with a knife, was the work of an instant; he arrived too late to arrest the tiger as he made his rarely missing, and in this case, fatal spring, on the beautiful and dark-bosomed maid. A terrible struggle now ensued; the infuriated animal relaxed its grasp of the child and fastened on the father. The tender and loving wife, only now fully awakened to the extent of the danger, forgetting her sex, insensible to aught but her husband's peril, recklessly rushed forward; but ere she could reach the spot to become a third victim to the insatiate monster, the providential flight of a bullet from a stranger's rifle, penetrating the animal's brain, stretched him dead at her feet. The brave husband, on approaching the spot, lay extended on the grass in the last agonies of death, dreadfully mangled, the brute having torn away the greater part of his brain and face. The little girl had already expired.

Never can I forget the calmness and apparently stoical indifference of this Indian woman, while her husband lay extended before her, gasping his last. She supported his head, gently wiping the blood from his face and lips; no sign of her feelings could be detected in her features. I gazed upon her with astonishment; but no sooner was it evident that death had effectually terminated the loved one's sufferings, than she gave way to the most frantic and heart-rending expressions of grief. The anguish of that woman death alone can obliterate from my memory—words cannot picture it. I see her before me as I write, alternately embracing the lifeless and bloody bodies of her husband and child, lavishing over them the most tender, endearing invocations of affection, then as suddenly turning round and seizing the crimson knife of her heroic husband, plunging it again and again into the body of the insensible animal, uttering all the time the most fearful and violent imprecations of despair and anguish.

It was with the greatest difficulty she could at length be removed from the tragic scene, and confided to the care of some neighboring villagers. I had occasion to revisit the same scenes some few months after, and found the bereaved wife, but, indeed, how changed! I could hardly recognize her. Day and night, I was informed, she wandered about, calling on her husband and child. A deep, settled gloom, beyond any thing I ever witnessed, was upon her features; her eyes had a wandering, restless expression. She knew me immediately, and talked in the most pathetic strain of her hapless child and husband. Poor creature! I tried to console her, but in vain. She said, her only wish was, as soon as the monsoon, or rainy season abated, to prosecute her journey to the Ganges, and die by its sacred stream. I remonstrated with her on this folly, and explained to her the divine truths of Christianity. All in vain! She was fixed in her resolution; and when I pointed to the heavens, and spoke of the mercies of God and His power, she replied, "that were He powerful, He could not be merciful, or He would not have taken her husband and child away without taking her also." All I could say made no impression, nor seemed to abate her determination, and time would not permit my stay, nor did I ever chance again to traverse the same scenes; but I have no doubt, from my knowledge of Indian character, she subsequently carried her resolution into effect.

From Dickens' "Household Words."

A MYSTERIOUS CITY.

In a Dominican convent near the city of Santa Cruz del Quiché, happened one of the "Incidents of Travel in Central America," which Stephens has so pleasantly recorded. He there met with an eccentric friar, from whom he obtained some curious information respecting the surrounding country. Nothing roused his curiosity so keenly as the Padre's assertion, that, four days' journey on the road to Mexico, on the other side of the great sierra, (chain of mountains,) was a large and populous city, occupied by Indians, existing precisely in the same state as before the discovery of America. The Padre had heard of it many years before, at the village of Chajul, and was told by the villagers that from the topmost ridge of the sierra this city was distinctly visible. He was then young, and with much labor climbed to the naked summit of the sierra, from which, at a height of ten or twelve thousand feet, he looked over an immense plain, extending to Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and saw at a great distance a large city spread over

a great space, and with turrets white and glittering in the sun. The traditionary account of the Indians of Chajul is, that no white man has ever reached this city; that the inhabitants speak the Maya language, are aware that a race of strangers has conquered the whole country around; and, with that fact ever present in their minds, murder any white man who attempts to enter their territory. They have no coin or other circulating medium; no horses, cattle, mules, or other domestic animals, except fowls; and the cocks they keep under ground to prevent their crowing being heard by white travellers.

"There was in all this," says Stephens, "a wild novelty—something that touched the imagination; the old Padre, in the deep stillness of the dimly-lighted convent, with his long, black coat like a robe, and his flashing eye, called up an image of the bold and resolute priests who accompanied the armies of the conquerors; and, as he drew a map on the table, and pointed out the sierra to the top of which he had climbed, and the position of the mysterious city, the interest awakened in us was the most thrilling I ever experienced. One look at that city was worth ten years of an every-day life. If he is right, a place is left where Indians and an Indian city exist, as Cortez and Alvarado found them; there are living men who can solve the mystery that hangs over the ruined cities of America; perhaps who can go to Copan, and read the inscriptions on its monuments. No subject more exciting and attractive presents itself to my mind, and the deep impression of that night will never be effaced.

"Can it be true? Being now in my sober senses, I do verily believe there is much ground to suppose that what the Padre told us is authentic. That the region referred to does not acknowledge the authority of Guatemala, has never been explored, and that no white man ever pretends to have entered it, I am satisfied. From other sources, we heard that from that sierra a large *ruined* city was visible; and we were told of another person who had climbed to the top of the sierra, but, on account of the dense cloud resting upon it, had been unable to see any thing. At all events, the belief at the village of Chajul is general, and a curiosity is roused that burns to be satisfied. We had a craving desire to reach the mysterious city. No man, even if willing to peril his life, could undertake the enterprise, with any hope of success, without hovering for one or two years on the borders of the country, studying the language and character of the adjoining Indians, and making acquaintance with some of the natives. Five hundred men could probably march directly to the city, and the invasion would be more justifiable than any ever made by the Spaniards; but the government is too much occupied with its own wars, and the knowledge could not be procured except at the price of blood. Two young men of good constitution, and who could afford to spare five years, might succeed."

Upon this hint (as we learn from an advertisement in the Boston newspapers) two young men—one a Mr. Huertis, of Baltimore, in the United States, a man of fortune, who had travelled in Egypt, Persia, and Syria, for the inspection of ancient monuments; the other a civil engineer, from Canada, named Hammond—sailed from New Orleans, in 1848, on this perilous and romantic enterprise. They reached Copan on Christmas day, where they met a Spanish merchant, Pedro Velasquez, of San Salvador. He was well acquainted with the country, and knew several of the dialects of the Indians through whose territories they had to pass. He agreed to accompany them. Providing themselves with mules, provender, and an escort of Indians, they commenced their journey to the unknown city. After many perils, they arrived at the top of the high mountain, from which Stephens's priest saw this City of the Sun. They also beheld its domes, turrets, and walls. They descended, and travelled on till they came near the amphitheatre of hills which they thought inclosed the object of their search. They met small groups of Indians, whose dialect they could not understand, and who seemed amazed at seeing them. One of these, however, made them understand that, "about thirty moons ago," a man of the same race as Hammond (who had a florid complexion and red whiskers) had been sacrificed and eaten by the Maebenachs, or Priests of Iximaya, the great city among the hills.

Presently a troop of horsemen passed them in red and yellow tunics, armed with

spears, and each holding in a leash a brace of Spanish bloodhounds, of the purest breed. Their informer told them this was a detachment of rural guards which had been appointed since the Spanish invasion to hunt down and capture all strangers that should be found within a circle of twelve leagues of the city. An engagement ensued, in which the travellers were victors, thanks to their rifles, which created as great a panic as the firearms of Cortez. Huertis explained to their chief that they were friendly strangers, who desired their hospitality, and to see their magnificent city. The chief said his countrymen showed no hospitality to strangers—it was punishable with death by their laws. The peace and independence of his nation depended on these restrictions; but if they would enter it with the intention of never leaving, he would promise them dwellings, wives, and honors. Huertis informed him, by signs and other expedients, that he would enter the city on his own terms.

Accordingly they all marched towards it, carrying Hammond, who had been desperately wounded. They found that it was surrounded by a wall sixty feet high, inclosing an area of twelve miles; a moat one hundred feet wide encompassed the wall, which was crossed by a drawbridge, raised over the gate. At a signal from the chief, the bridge descended, and the cavalcade passed over. At another signal the ponderous gates unfolded, and a vista of solemn magnificence presented itself—an avenue of colossal statues and trees, extending to the opposite side, or western gate; a similar avenue crossed the city from north to south. Arrived at the point where the avenues intersect each other, they were led into a large and lofty hall, surrounded by columns, and displaying three raised seats. These were covered with canopies of rich drapery, on one of which sat the monarch, a person of grave and benignant aspect, of about sixty years' old, who was arrayed in scarlet and gold, having a golden image of the rising sun on the back of his throne.

The interview resulted in giving the strangers their freedom within the limits of the city; and permission for them, under indispensable obligations, to become citizens. In the mean time, they were to be maintained as prisoners of state. With this they were satisfied. The residence assigned them was the wing of a spacious structure, which had been appropriated to the surviving remnant of an ancient order of priesthood called Kaanas. Forbidden by inviolably sacred laws from intermarrying with any persons but those of their own caste, these Kaanas had dwindled down to a few individuals, diminutive in stature, and imbecile in intellect. They were nevertheless held in high veneration and affection by the Iximayan community—perhaps as specimens of an antique race nearly extinct. Their ancient residence was chiefly occupied by a higher order of priests, called Wabaqoons, who were their legal and sacerdotal guardians. With one of these, Vaalpeor, Velasquez became very intimate, and while Huertis was devoting himself to the antiquities, hieroglyphics, and pantheism of this unknown city, the young pagan was eagerly imbibing a knowledge of the world at large from Velasquez, which proved to him equally enchanting; so that when the Spaniard proposed the escape of the expedition, with Vaalpeor as their companion, he agreed to it. At this time Hammond died of his wounds, and after the funeral they prepared for escape.

When they were ready, Huertis could not be found; two days and nights elapsed; still he did not appear. On searching his rooms, neither his papers nor drawing instruments were to be seen. It was afterwards discovered that Huertis had taken into his confidence one whom he hoped would accompany him, and she had betrayed him. His offence, after his voluntary vows, and his initiation into the sacred mysteries was unpardonable; his fate could not be doubted. Vaalpeor afterwards admitted that Huertis had been sacrificed in due form on the high altar of the Sun, and that he (Vaalpeor) had beheld the fatal ceremony. As Huertis had not implicated his associates, there was yet a chance for them. After some difficulties they contrived to escape with Vaalpeor, and the two Aztec or Kaana children of which he was the guardian. In fourteen days, after much suffering, they reached Ocosingo, where Vaalpeor died from the unaccustomed toils and deprivations of the journey. Velasquez, with the two children, reached San Salvador in February. He was advised to send them to the United States, and thence to Europe.

Thus far the story reads more or less glibly; although here and there a suspicion obtrudes itself to cast a hazy shadow of doubt across its authenticity. Against unqualified credence comes the fact that the two children of the mysterious city have been made a show; and that the account of their origin is derived from their present keeper, who has translated enough of the narrative to explain the children's appearance at Boston: he says the remainder will be published as soon as Velasquez can place the manuscript in proper hands, and inquiries have been made among those who accompanied him.

In a country which boasts of a Barnum, we may be forgiven, therefore, for accompanying the above account of the mysterious city, and the equally mysterious children, with a caution. The friends of Mr. Huertis of Baltimore, and those of Mr. Hammond "of Canada," will doubtless be applied to by the curious in the States; and from them could at least be gleaned some materials for authenticating the exhibitor's statements. The existence of such a city is too curious and important to be allowed to remain long in doubt.

The children are described as having a tottering and feeble gait, and idiotic look. Their ages are respectively eight and ten.

It is said that the "Exhibition" is on its way from the United States to rival Madame Tussaud's, and the thousand wonders preparing for the coming Fair of the World. Let us hope that among the first visitors will be a categorical committee from the Ethnographical Society; and that a deputation from the Royal Geographical Society will exact from the showman a strict account of Don Pedro Velasquez's latitudes and longitudes.

From Dickens' "Household Words."

LIVES AND CARGOES.

A short time ago, a vessel, crowded with passengers, was wrecked, in the night, on one end of the Goodwin Sands; and, a little after daybreak, another vessel, laden with a cargo of tin in sheets, copper in tiles and cakes, and lead in pigs, was wrecked at the other end of the sands. They were both descried by the glasses of sailors ashore, on the look-out; and, though the wind was still blowing a gale, and the sea running high and wild, a crew of seamen put off in the life-boat from Broadstairs, determined to risk their lives in an attempt to reach one of the vessels. They took their course towards the vessel crowded with passengers, and which had been first wrecked. Soon afterwards a second boat, from another station, was launched into the bursting waves, and made its perilous way towards the other vessel, laden with the cargo of sheet-tin, tiles and cakes of copper, and pigs of lead.

The crew of the first life-boat managed to reach the vessel; and, by the numbers that crowded the deck, all crying out and praying to be saved, the boatmen immediately saw that there was a good deal more rough work chalked out for them. Two or three "trips," and the co-operation of their mates ashore, would be necessary, to save so many lives. They made up their minds to the task, and at once took as many as they could —landed them safely at Broadstairs, and then buffeted their way back to the same vessel again,—the sea often running clean over men and boat. This they repeated—a second life-boat from Broadstairs joining them in the exploit—and in the course of the day they succeeded in taking off every soul on board, and bringing them safely ashore. The vessel also had a number of casks of butter and lard in her hold, which the captain had ordered up on deck, all ready; but if the boatmen had taken these, they must have saved two or three lives less for each cask, according to weight, so the butter and lard were left to perish.

The crew of the boat that made its way to the other vessel, at the farthermost end of the sands, found that although there were but few lives to save, (only the captain, mate, and two "hands,") there was a much better thing, viz., a valuable cargo. No wild and unmanageable passengers—desperate men, half-frantic women, screaming children—all very difficult to get into the boat, and yet more difficult to prevent from leaping down into her in a crowd that would capsize or sink her,—but four seamen, who assisted them in getting out of the hold cases of placid sheet-tin, patient tiles of copper, imperturbable solid cakes, and docile pigs of lead. They also found a mine of penny-

pieces, in the shape of casks of copper nails, and a thousand copper bolts. They made their way back with as much as they could safely carry, and shortly afterwards returned with two other boats. They persevered in this "labor of love" till they had got out nearly all the cargo, and carried it safe ashore.

Now comes the question of remuneration for these two parties of bold sailors, and the wise condition of maritime laws in these very important cases. The sailors who had assisted in moving the sheet-tin, the tiles, and cakes, and casks, and bolts of copper, and the pigs of lead, received, each man, twenty pounds in the current coin of the realm; and the sailors who had risked their lives in saving the crowd of passengers in the other vessel, (having no lawful claim to any thing for *only* saving human lives,) received, by special subscription and consideration, half-a-crown each! Had they saved the casks of butter and lard, that would have given them a legitimate claim to salvage; but as it was, they had no claim at all. It should be added that the sailors knew this at the time.

Coast sailors are always well aware of the inhuman condition of the law in this respect; sometimes, their necessities urging, and a great occasion tempting them, they abandon the saving of life for the preservation of property—according to the direct teaching of the law;—but, in general, they will never see any fellow-creatures perish, if risking their own lives, without hope or chance of reward, can preserve others.

A striking instance—one of the many that take place every year on different parts of the British coast—has recently occurred at Broadstairs.

The "Mary White" of London, on her first voyage, was wrecked on the northeast part of the Goodwin Sands, on the sixth instant. The vessel was descried at daybreak from Broadstairs, and, at this time, a gale of wind was blowing from the northeast, which always causes a terrific sea. The life-boat was soon launched, and eight young men volunteered to risk their lives in an attempt to save the crew, if possible. It was evident to them, at first sight, that the vessel was doomed to destruction, as the sea was making a complete breach over her, and flying half-mast high. Be it clearly understood that as the men saw that the vessel was sure to go down very speedily, their gallant venture was not for cargo and profit, but to save life at peril of their own.

The men were provided with Ayckbourn's "life-belts," in case of being swept off into the sea; and, as events turned out, it was very fortunate for two of them that they had such assistance in being kept on the surface. The crew of the ill-fated vessel made an attempt, as it was afterwards known, to get out their long-boat, and one poor fellow got his wrist broken in the effort; but the sea continually swept completely over them, and rendered all chance of launching the boat quite hopeless.

In about an hour from the time of starting the crew of the life-boat neared the vessel, and having weathered her, they quickly made up their minds that the only chance of saving any of them would be to run through the heavy sea, and board her. This was a daring expedient, and the first sea made a rush clean over them, men and boat; but the boat rose like a wild duck out of the foam, and the crew getting her under the lee of the vessel, two of them succeeded in getting on board of her. Seven of the crew were rescued, and stowed safely in the life-boat; but the captain and two men—by some extraordinary want of perception of the fate that awaited them—some yet more surprising mistrust—a panic, taking the form of obstinate perversity—or an invincible sense of duty—or something else in their minds quite inexplicable—actually refused to leave the vessel.

In vain did the two gallant fellows from the shore endeavor to persuade them—they persisted in remaining; and while this was going forward, the life-boat broke adrift from the vessel's side. The two of her crew still on board, seeing clearly that their only chance was to regain the boat, leaped over into the surging waves, and made every effort to swim towards her. In this most precarious attempt they were fortunate enough to succeed. The crew of the life-boat made several ineffectual efforts to return to the vessel, but they could not near her again. In half an hour she heeled over on her beam-ends, and the captain and his two men who had refused to leave her, were seen to perish in the rigging.

There were three luggers, with their

crews, to leeward of the vessel; and they had exerted themselves to the utmost to near her, but in vain. The lugger, "Buffalo Gal," of Ramsgate, took the crew in from the life-boat, and towed her—the boat's crew being nearly exhausted—into Ramsgate harbor.

We now come to a very weighty matter. Where is the reward which these gallant fellows ought to claim for such a service? Nowhere. They have no claim. If they had saved leather or cheese, tobacco or bacon, there would have been a positive and definite claim—but as it was only human life, there is nothing. A "subscription has since been originated;" but this is entirely a matter of private, or local, good feeling, and however excellent in itself, this is not the precarious way in which the due reward of such services ought to be left. Nobody for one instant can think so.

Now that the government is contemplating the establishment of regular life-boat stations at different parts of the coast, it is to be hoped (ought it not to be demanded?) that the question of reward should be remodified with some little consideration for the value of human life, as compared with casks of butter, bales of leather, cakes of copper, or pigs of lead.

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

(FROM LESSING.)

CORKS were drawn, and candles lighted,
Who but Death came uninvited?
"You have drunk enough," said he;
"Toper, you must come with me."

"Come with you! 'tis rather early!
Prithee, Death, don't look so surly;
But, if it must e'en be so,
Take a glass before we go!"

Death though an inveterate grumbler,
Took the hint, and filled a tumbler;
"Fill," said he, "and in Tokay
Let us toast the cholera."

Though at first much disconcerted,
Now I thought his wrath averted;
Till he snarl'd, "You fool! d'ye think
You could bribe old Death with drink?"

"Nay," said I; "but with permission,
I will practise as physician;
Half my patients you shall have,
If you let me 'scape the grave."

"Done! and done! Live till you're weary
Of your bottle and your deary;
None so surely work my will
As the men of drug and pill."

Now I scorn the grave's black portal,
Made by love and wine immortal;
Now a sworn ally of Death,
Freely can I draw my breath.

When to Boniface's thinking,
I have had enough of drinking;
When "You've loved enough," says Kate,
Gladly I will meet my fate.

THE PIMPERNEL.

LITTLE scarlet Pimpernel,
None but thou can tell so well
What the weather-change may be.
None can tell so well as thee,
All the roving one can see,
None so wisely half as thee,
When the welkin vapor's shroud
Telleth thee the passing cloud;
When in East the pallid dawn
Heralds the coming of the morn,
Then with joy thou spreadest out
All thy little flowers about,
Where in holt or upon wold
Smiles thy little eye of gold.
When with clouds the heavens frown,
Then thy little head bends down.
Little weather-prophet, say,
Fair or foul the coming day?
For thy eye on sun above
Is fix'd, like lover on his love,
Like supple courtier on his lord,
Like Parsee on his god adored.
Like kneeling Carib on the sun
Thou gazest till his course is run;
Ever, ever gazing on,
Never musing but of one.
Come what seasons there may be,
Still unchanged thy flower we see.
Like a pennon in the wind,
Fickle as the maiden's mind,
Ever veereth round thy head,
Till in western waves of red
Thy great monarch sinketh down,
Then, too, sinks thy tiny crown.
In thy little flower we see
Type of fix'd mobility.
Winds may blow, as they blow now;
Still for winds what carest thou?
Though with fury raging free
They may shake the giant tree,
Whatsoever be their power,
They will spare the little flower.
E'en the bud that gems the sod,
Overshadow'd is by God.
Little Persian songs of praise
Do thy flow'rets ever raise.
To thy God thou off'rest up
Drops of dew in ruby cup;

And when sinks the king of light,
Thy violet eyes with tears beam bright;
Till the stars, with softer beam,
Like the sun's fair children seem.
Thine upon the meadow ground,
Where thy blossoms most abound;
Or where trailing through the grass,
All thy snake-like sprays do pass.
Little scarlet Pimpernel,
None can tell us half so well
What the coming change shall be.
None but such a one as thee!

INSTINCT IN A BIRD.

Once when travelling in Tennessee, Wilson was struck with the manner in which the habits of the pennated grouse are adapted to its residence on dry, sandy plains. One of them was kept there in a cage, having been caught alive in a trap. It was observed that the bird never drank, and seemed rather to avoid the water; but a few drops one day falling upon the cage, and trickling down the bars, the bird drank them with great dexterity, and an eagerness that showed she was suffering with thirst. The experiment was then made whether she would drink under other circumstances, and though she lived entirely on dry Indian corn, the cup of water in the cage was for a whole week untasted and untouched; but the moment water was sprinkled on the bars, she drank it eagerly as before. It occurred to him at once, that in the natural haunts of the bird, the only water it could procure was from *the drops of rain and dew.*

DIAMOND DUST.

Gold should never be made the god of our idolatry, but the agent of our benevolence.

The victims of *ennui* paralyze all the grosser feelings of excess, and torpify all the finer, by disuse and inactivity.

To love one that is great is almost to be great one's self.

CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

IN A LETTER TO A COUNTRY FRIEND.

Of news, my dear fellow, I can tell you very little; or if I were to set it down upon the closing pages of a magazine, which by the stern necessities of the compositor and stereotyper, (professional terms for printing men,) must be put into *lead* at least ten days before it is come to your hand, it would be old, to nausea. So I must eke out my usual story with such gossip as comes floating across my thought, and which has not enough of the strong meat of news in it, to make it putrefy with a little over-age.

May-day, you know, is full of wonders for the uninitiate in the city; and a sad crop of wonders it furnishes—such movings, and sweepings, and breakage, and truckage, and topsy-turvings would fairly startle a country-liver out of his propriety. But now, thank heaven, the worst of the matter is over, and the metropolitan world is settled down into its occasional quietude.

No special stir is agitating the gay world; and since the redoubtable Dodge, (not of the *Lorgnette,*) has given his great concert, and hung his great face in yellow placards on all the walls, there has been no sensation to speak of.

Quidnuncs are waiting for the new *income* of the Jenny.

Castle Garden, they say, has been fitted up in splendid garb—the seats new-ticketed, the walls new-hung, the sofas new-backed, and the ushers newly officered, for the advent of the warbling Swede.

Barnum—who knows at what literary emporium to get the writing of his letters—has addressed his dear *Clientelle,* (that is to say—ourselves,) in most complimentary and entreating way—promising more than he has ever promised before; and engages to *stewardize* such concerts as will never be heard again.

So, if you wish strains in your ear, that will not die till they are caught again after death—come to town!

Of the successes of Barnum and suite in his winter vacation through the provinces, (always excepting from this term the staid Philadelphia and theatrizing New Orleans,) there are various accounts.

Some say the monster showman has bagged gold enough to buy half the city, and others hinting that the sale of his show place of Iranistan is to go toward balancing the deficit. I incline between the two, and reckon enough upon his Yankee shrewdness to feel assured that he has counted his venture, and will build—if he builds again—a palace to out-orientalize his palace of Bridgeport.

—— As for other coming amusements they are promised in floods. Even now the blithe and graceful ROUSSETS are showing their dainty study of *Terpsichore* at Niblo's, and a splendid *Vision of the Sun* is drawing full benches to the gas-smelling theatre of Broadway.

The Havana singers are spied here and there, in their citizen costume, about the streets, and there is promise of new operas, and new triumphs.

—— Cuba has come again upon the *tapis;* and we hear of poor Havanese soldiers sleeping on their arms, and faint-hearted Havanese ladies crying in their nurseries at thought of the blood-thirsty marauders, who, at home, are disquieting—only their bail. A weak-ribbed old steamer is lying at our docks under martial surveillance; and a corps of stout marines is keeping guard on the pumps, a keg or two of powder, and a score of hydrostatically pressed soldiers' blankets. This is a godsend for the idlers: and troops of women and boys gape in amazement at the prodigious military display, and at the energetic executive power which keeps the feeble *Cleopatra* at her dock, and which has asked of her ANTONY—$3000, in bail.

—— Talking of Cleopatra reminds me of womanly vanity and of womanly fickleness. What do you say to new dresses for the street-going ladies *à la Turque?* Yet the matter is bruited; and they say that a hero of an editress, somewhere in the northern borders of the State, has even assumed the loose trowsers, and the short skirts of the Circassian women. And report says that the fashion has been followed up by all the pretty-ankled ladies of the town. In this, the country is a step, (if not a leg length,) before the people of the city. Yet, after all, the idea is as pretty as novel. Why under heaven should rich silks sweep the streets, when they can be looped up so charmingly as the Eastern pictures tell us of? And what is there essentially immodest in a trowser of white stuff, girt at the ankle with lace?

We are all looking for a chapter on the matter from that veteran of modes, *bijouterie*, and æsthetics—the *Home Journal*. Were we (and here I speak in the plurality of a magazine) in the way of giving Fashion pictures, we should surely light up this subject with a deft picture of the newly-ordered habit. It would certainly be a pleasant shopping costume, for the walking that follows upon May showers.

They say that the Fair—I mean the London fair—is to inaugurate (notwithstanding all the bluster of the ticket-buying Genin) a new hat for the men:—replacing our straight, tall-topped, stove-piped structures with the graceful contour of a broad-brimmed, slouching sombrero. Pray, why should not the ladies take the same occasion to economize silk, and multiply their charms? So—it would come to be recorded in the chronology of the century:—"the year '51 gave sombreros to the men and trowsers to the women."

—— I am running on, garrulous upon nothing; but the misty days of spring feed inertia, and the political squabbles of the winter are dead till autumn.

If you see the *Tribune*, and it is a far-going paper—you will have noted a little talk about a certain IDA PFEIFFER—German enough by name—who has travelled almost over the world. She must be as much of a heroine as the enterprising editress of Seneca Falls. And I drop into my letter this account of her from a British Journal. It will quicken your eye for the bravery of the sex.

"This lady, of a humble, simple appearance, but endowed with uncommon qualities, has arrived in London. She has distinguished herself by her extensive travels in distant lands; and, strange to say, she has gone immense distances without her companion, overcoming the greatest difficulties by her unaided genius, and penetrating into the midst of what Europeans are pleased to call 'the most uncivilized nations,' passing through them unscathed, without any other protection than her harmless disposition and her firm confidence in Providence. Mrs. Pfeiffer is a native of Vienna. Her travelling propensity manifested itself from her earliest childhood, and she gratified it then by roaming about in the neighborhood of that city. It was only late in life that she was able indulge more fully in her predominant propensity. During the earlier part

of her life, she attended with exemplary devotion to the duties of a wife and mother. When her children had grown up to manhood, and gained an independence for themselves, she then thought herself justified in following a propensity which was in her so powerfully at work, and which prompted her to leave a comfortable home and many loving friends. She first directed her steps to Palestine and Egypt. After her return she visited Scandinavia and Iceland. Then she set out on a voyage round the world, landing in Brazil, surmounting the Parahyby, and penetrating through thick, primitive forests, to visit the aborigines at their own homes; then passing Cape Horn, touching at Valparaiso, she traversed the Pacific Ocean to Otaheite and China, Singapore and Ceylon, as far as Kandy; wandering hence to Bengal, Hindostan, and Delhi, turning her steps to the caves of Adjunta and Ellora, to Bombay. From that spot she sailed through the Arabian and Persian Sea to Bassora, followed the Tigris up to Bagdad, continuing to pass over an immense country to Babylon, Mosul, Nineveh, into Kurdistan, and Persia's second capital, Tabris. Pursuing her course over Tiflis, along the Caucasus, she embarked at Redout Kali for Constantinople and Greece, whence she returned to her native country. She speaks in glowing terms of the kindness she met with at the hands of some of the tribes who are considered to be most backward in civilization."

—— All the world, they say, is going to the Fair. In the omnibuses and the steamboats you hear adieux said, and there are sobbings on all the docks of the town. Even now, if the papers are to be believed, a million of strange men and women are threading the streets of London. The Queen was to be the first to usher in the morning of the Exhibition, and there was such display, without a doubt, as will not fatigue the eyes of Londoners for many a day to come. Look out for your next numbers of the *Illustrated News* for a show of the festivities.

Meantime, the little Yacht, that is to measure itself with Yarmouth yachtmen, is off from the stocks, and is fast finishing for her long cruise into the waters by Spithead.

The steamers are fitting up, and the packets are setting out rude state-rooms—made of deal—into the heart of their ships. Little side-fairs—like Greenwich fair with its booths—are, we are told, to compete with the greater fair of Hyde Park. Here there will be—if the Greenwich precedent is followed—unlimited beer-drinking, and plenty of fun and policemen. And now I will drop the Fair until it is opened; then you shall have all the gossip of all the gossipping papers of London.

THE BOOK WORLD.

In like garrulous humor, I go on to tell you of such books as relieve our town May. The *Seven Gables* you have read, it must be, and found it, as all the world finds it, trenchant in its wit, playful in humor, and delicate to a hair's-breadth in its description. It comes in well as a quiet sedative after the rough outlining, and nightmare-ish work of Borrow's, about which we have had a very pretty publishers' quarrel.

—— *Yeast* is the queerish title of a book presently to see the light in this country, but originally put out in the page of Fraser. It is written, as the critics say, by that strong-feeling, but not very settle-minded clergyman who gave us not long ago, the forcible story of Alton Locke. Its humor will be after the same order, and I give you here a sprig of his poetry to show how his thought runs into a fever of sympathy. It might be another song of a shirt.

A ROUGH RHYME ON A ROUGH MATTER.

"The merry brown hares came leaping
Over the crest of the hill,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
Under the moonlight still.

"Leaping late and early,
Till under their bite and their tread
The swedes, and the wheat, and the barley,
Lay cankered, and trampled, and dead.

"A poacher's widow sat sighing
On the side of the white chalk bank,
Where under the gloomy fir-woods
One spot in the ley throve rank.

"She watched a long tuft of clover,
Where rabbit or hare never ran;
For its black sour haulm covered over
The blood of a murdered man.

"She thought of the dark plantation,
And the hares, and her husband's blood;
And the voice of her indignation
Rose up to the throne of God.—

"I am long past wailing and whining—
I have wept too much in my life;
I've had twenty years of pining
As an English laborer's wife.

"A laborer in Christian England,
Where they cant of a Saviour's name,
And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's,
For a few more brace of game.

"There's blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire;
There is blood on your pointers' feet;
There is blood on the game you sell, squire,
And there's blood on the game you eat!

"You have sold the laboring man, squire,
Body and soul to shame,
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,
And to pay for the feed of your game.

"You made him a poacher yourself, squire,
When you'd give neither work nor meat;
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden
At our starving children's feet;

"When pack'd in one reeking chamber,
Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay;
While the rain patter'd in on the rotting bride-bed,
And the walls let in the day;

"When we lay in the burning fever
On the mud of the cold clay floor,
Till you parted us all for three months, squire,
At the cursed workhouse-door.

"We quarrelled like brutes, and who wonders?
What self-respect could we keep,
Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep?

"Our daughters with base-born babies
Have wander'd away in their shame;
If your misses had slept, squire, where they did
Your misses might do the same.

"Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking
With handfuls of coal and rice,
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting
A little below cost price?

"You may tire of the jail and the workhouse,
And take to allotments and schools,
But you've run up a debt that will never
Be repaid us by penny-club rules.

"In the season of shame and sadness,
In the dark and dreary day,
When scrofula, gout, and madness
Are eating your race away;

"When to kennels and liveried varlets
You have cast your daughters' bread,
And, worn out with liquor and harlots,
Your heir at your feet lies dead;

"When your youngest, the mealy-mouthed rector,
Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave;
You will find in your God the protector
Of the freeman you fancied your slave.—

"She looked at the tuft of clover,
And wept till her heart grew light;
And at last, when her passion was over,
Went wandering into the night.

"But the merry brown hares came leaping
Over the uplands still,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
On the side of the white chalk hill."

You can hardly say now that I have given you nothing to think of; for this rugged rhyme suggests a world-full of wandering conjectures.

—— Yet another sweet half-dozen of verselets—for I feel in poetic humor—I take from a daily paper, where they should not lie unnoticed. If you know that sweet, half-lily—half-pink colored flower called arbutus, whose fragrance is like that of a May morning after a shower—you will pin it to the cover of your herbarian, where this first nestling of the spring lies pressed.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

"Darlings of the forest!
Blossoms alone
When Earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds have blown.

"Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky,
Or more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie,
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

"There the wild wood-robin
Hymns your solitude,
And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low south-wind sighs, but dare not be more rude.

"Were your lips fashion'd
Out of air and dew;
Starlight unimpassion'd;
Dawn's most tender hue;
And scented by the woods that gather'd sweets for you?

"Fairest and most lonely,
From the world apart,
Made for beauty only,
Veil'd from Nature's heart,
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of Art!

"Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood played."

April 18. A. W. H.

And now, having exhausted paper and patience, I leave you dreaming of flowers and birds.

Yours, &c.

——.